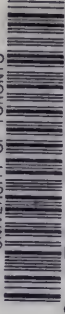


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THE UNDYING ONE,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

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THE UNDYING ONE,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

THE HON^{BLE} MRS. NORTON.

There is a very life in our despair,
Vitality of poison,—a quick root,
Which feeds these deadly branches ; for it were
As nothing did we *die* ; but life will suit
Itself to sorrow's most detested fruit,
Like to the apples on the Dead Sea's shore,
All ashes to the taste.

CHILDE HAROLD.

Au sein des plus grands douleurs un homme ne peut-il pas se dire avec certitude : encore quelques années, quelques jours, quelques instans peut-être, et je ne souffrirai plus !

LA FONTAINE.

LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN AND RICHARD BENTLEY,
NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1830.

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TO THE DUCHESS OF CLARENCE,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME

IS, BY PERMISSION,

GRATEFULLY AND RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

DEVOTED SERVANT,

CAROLINE ELIZABETH SARAH NORTON.

ERRATA.

Page 21, line 22, for extatic, read ecstatic.
35, 1, foreswore, forswore.
90, 1, who, whom.
151, 11, flash, plash.

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“THE UNDYING ONE.”

CANTO I.

“THE UNDYING ONE.”

CANTO I.

MOONLIGHT is o'er the dim and heaving sea,—
Moonlight is on the mountain's frowning brow,
And by their silvery fountains merrily
The maids of Castaly are dancing now.
Young hearts, bright eyes, and rosy lips are there,
And fairy steps, and light and laughing voices,
Ringing like welcome music through the air—
A sound at which the untroubled heart rejoices.
But there *are* hearts o'er which that dancing measure
Heavily falls !
And there are ears to which the voice of pleasure
Still vainly calls !
There 's not a scene on earth so full of lightness
That withering care
Sleeps not beneath the flowers, and turns their brightness
To dark despair !

Oh ! Earth, dim Earth, thou canst not be our home ;
Or wherefore look we still for joys to come ?

The fairy steps are flown—the scene is still—
Nought mingles with the murmuring of the rill.

Nay, hush ! it is a sound—a sigh—again !

It is a human voice—the *voice of pain*.

And beautiful is she, who sighs alone

Now that her young and playful mates are gone :

The dim moon, shining on her statue face,

Gives it a mournful and unearthly grace ;

And she hath bent her gentle knee to earth ;

And she hath raised her meek sad eyes to heaven—

As if in such a breast sin could have birth,

She clasps her hands, and sues to be forgiven.

Her prayer is over ; but her anxious glance

Into the blue transparency of night

Seems as it fain would read the book of chance,

And fix the future hours, dark or bright.

A slow and heavy footstep strikes her ear—

What ails the gentle maiden ?—Is it fear ?

Lo ! she hath lightly raised her from the ground,

And turn'd her small and stag-like head around ;

Her pale cheek paler, and her lips apart,

Her bosom heaving o'er her beating heart :

And see, those thin white hands she raises now

To press the throbbing fever from her brow—

In vain—in vain! for never more shall rest
 Find place in that young, fair, but erring breast!
He stands before her now—and who is he
 Into whose outspread arms confidingly
 She flings her fairy self?— Unlike the forms
 That woo and win a woman's love—the storms
 Of deep contending passions are not seen
 Darkening the features where they once have been,
 Nor the bright workings of a generous soul,
 Of feelings half conceal'd, explain the whole.
 But there is something words cannot express—
 A gloomy, deep, and quiet fixedness;
 A recklessness of all the blows of fate—
 A brow untouch'd by love, undimm'd by hate—
 As if, in all its stores of crime and care,
 Earth held no suffering now for *him* to bear.
 Yes—all is passionless—the hollow cheek
 Those pale thin lips shall never wreath with smiles;
 Ev'n now, 'mid joy, unmoved and sad they speak
 In spite of all his Linda's winning wiles.
 Yet can we read, what all the rest denies,
 That he *hath* feelings of a mortal birth,
 In the wild sorrow of those dark bright eyes,
 Bent on that form—his one dear link to earth.
 He loves—and he is loved! then what avail
 The scornful words which seek to brand with shame?

Or bitterer still, the wild and fearful tale

Which couples guilt and horror with that name ?

What boots it that the few who know him shun

To speak or eat with that unworthy one ?

Were all their words of scorn and malice proved,

It matters not—*he loves and he is loved!*

* * * * * *

* * * * * *

“ Linda ! *my* Linda !” thus the silence broke,

And slow and mournfully the stranger spoke,

“ Seat we ourselves upon this mossy bed,

Where the glad airs of heaven wave o’er thy head,

And thou shalt hear the awful tale which ne’er

Hath yet been breathed, save *once*, to mortal ear.

And if, my Linda—nay, love, tremble not—

Thou shudder’st to partake so dark a lot—

Go—and be happy in forgetfulness,

And take—I’d bless thee if my tongue *could* bless.”

There was that sudden sinking of the tone

That lingers in our memory when alone,

And thrills the heart to think how deep the grief

Which sues no pity—looks for no relief.

Oh ! deep, beyond the feeble power of tears,

Such scene will dwell within our souls for years ;

And it will seem but yesterday we heard

The faltering pause—the calm but broken word ;

Saw the averted head, where each blue vein
Swell'd in its agony of mental pain ;
And heard the grief confess'd :—no, not confess'd,
But struggling burst convulsive from the breast !
“ Isbal,” that gentle voice half-murmuring said,
As from his shoulder she upraised her head ;
“ Thou knowest I love thee. When I came to-night
I had resolved thy future, dark or bright,
Should still be mine—Beloved—so must it be,
For I have broke a fearful vow for thee.
This morning he who calls himself my brother
(Oh ! can he be the child of my sweet mother ?)
Pleaded once more for him—that hated friend
Whose bride I was to be ; I could but bend
To the cold earth my faint and trembling knee,
And supplicate, with woman's agony,
That he would spare me—but an hour—a day—
I clasp'd my brother's knees—that brother said me nay !
He held a poinard to my shrinking heart,
And bade me breathe the vow—
Never in life or death from *him* to part
Who is—my husband now.
Isbal, we were betrothed ; my lips in fear
Pronounced those words—but oh ! my heart was *here*—
Here—in the calm cold moonlight by thy side,
Here—where the dark blue waters gently glide,

Here—in my childhood's haunts, *now* ev'n more dear
Than in those happy days, for *thou* art near.
Yes—while the unheeded vow my faint lip spoke,
Recall'd the echo which thy tones awoke—
Thy image rose between me and the shrine ;
Surely the vow before it breathed was *thine*.
To-morrow's sun proud Carlos claims his wife ;
To-morrow's sun shall see my span of life
Devoted unto thee—thy tale can make
No lot I would not share for thy sweet sake ;
No—Ere I hear it, let love's fond vow be—
To have no earth—no heaven—no hope but *thee* !
Now tell me all.”—Again that gentle head
With dewy eyes and flushing cheek is laid
Upon his arm ; and with a thrill of pain
The broken thread is thus renew'd again :
“ From the first hour I saw thee, on that night
When dancing in the moonbeam's chequer'd light
With those young laughing ones who now are gone,
By this same fountain which is murmuring on ;
When my deep groan burst through the music's sound,
And that soft eye went glancing, startled, round—
From that sweet hour, when pity seem'd to move,
I loved thee—as the wretched only love.
Oft since, when in the darkness of my day
I sit, and dream my wretched life away;

In the deep silence of my night of tears,
 When Memory wakes to mourn for vanish'd years ;
 Shunn'd—scorn'd—detested—friendless and alone,
 I've thought of *thee*—and stifled back my groan !
 I've come in daylight, and have flung me down

 By the bright fountain's side,
 Chased with dear thoughts of thee each gloomy frown,
 And bless'd my promised bride.

I've come when stormy winds have howl'd around
 Over the yielding flowers,
 Bending their gentle heads unto the ground,
 And thought of thee for hours.

I've come—my Linda *knows* that I have come:
 When the soft starlight told

That she had left her haughty brother's home,
 And hearts, as dead and cold

As the chill waters of a moonless sea,
 For the light dance and music's revelry
 With gay and loving maids ; and I have watch'd
 Till one by one those soft steps have departed,

And my young mournful Linda hath been snatch'd
 To the sear bosom of the broken-hearted !

Linda, there is a land—a far dark land,
 Where on this head the red avenging hand
 Fell with its heaviest bolts—When watching by
 The bitter cross of Him of Calvary

They stood who loved and did believe in Him,
 I said, while all around grew dark and dim—”
 “ Isbal, dear Isbal!” shriek’d the affrighted maid,
 “ For that dear Saviour’s sake—for him who said
 He died for sinners—mock me not, I pray—
 Oh ! yet, beloved, those words of Death unsay !”
 She hung upon his bosom, and look’d up
 Into those dark wild eyes with grief and fear.
 Alas ! poor maiden, ’twas a bitter cup
 To drink from hands which love had made so dear.

As a knell o’er the river
 Flings its lingering tone,
 Telling of joys for ever
 Lost and gone :
 As the murmuring sound
 Of a slow deep stream,
 Where the sullen shadows round
 Reject each sunny beam :

So o’er the maiden’s spirit, like a moan,
 Falls the deep sameness of that strange calm tone.

* * * * * *
 * * * * * *

“ I tell thee centuries have pass’d away,
 And that dark scene is still like yesterday ;
 The lurid clouds roll’d o’er each failing head,
 The Godlike dying, and the guilty dead :

And awful signs were seen, and I was there—

Woman, I *was*—or wherefore my despair ?

I'll whisper thee— * * * *

* * * *

Linda, my Linda! start not thus away—

My brain is 'wilder'd—what, love, did I say ?

Forget the words—*forget!* Eternal God !

Is not this earth the same which *then* I trod ?

Do not the stars gleam coldly from above,

Mocking the lips that dare to talk of love ?

I know—I feel it cannot be forgot,

Yet, oh ! forsake me not—forsake me not !

Didst thou not bid me tell thee all ? oh ! rest

Still on this worn and sad and guilty breast ;

Whatever sins the eye of Heaven may see,

Its last faint throb alone will end its love for thee !

* * * *

* * * *

I stood awhile, stifling my gasping breath,

Fearfully gazing on that scene of death :

Then with a shuddering groan of pain I shrouded

My straining eyes, and turn'd, a cowering worm,

To either side where grimly death had clouded

The image of his maker in man's form.

On one low cross a dark and fearful brow,

On which the dews of death are standing now,

Shows black despair :
 And on the other, though the eye be dim,
 And quivering anguish in each stiffening limb,
 Mercy and hope are there !
 Then rose the wailing sound of woman's woe
 Appealing unto Heaven,
 And sinners bow'd their heads, and bent them low,
 And howl'd to be forgiven—
 And *I* glanced madly round—One after one.
 They stole away, and I was left alone—
 I—*the Undying One*, in that dim night !
 Oh ! words can never tell my soul's affright ;
 The sickening, thrilling, dark, and fainting fear
 That rose within my breast :—I seem'd to hear
 A thousand voices round ; I could not pray,
 But fled in solitary shame away.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

Linda ! thou wilt not think that after this
 Dark hour of agony,
 A day, a moment ev'n, of fever'd bliss
 Could yet remain for me :
 But so it was, a wild and sudden hope
 Sprung in my heart—if that my life could cope
 With sickness and with time, I yet might be.
 Happy through half an immortality.

I sat at festal boards, and quaff'd red wine,
And sang wild songs of merriment and mirth ;
And bade young sparkling eyes around me shine,
And made a guilty paradise of earth.
I built me palaces, and loved to dwell
'Mongst all which most the eager heart rejoices ;
Bright halls, where silvery fountains rose and fell,
And where were ringing light and cheerful voices ;
Gay gardens where the bowery trees around
Their leafy branches spread,
And rosy flowers upon the mossy ground
Their honey'd perfume shed.
But yet the curse was on me ; and it came
Tainting my life with pains like hell's dark flame.

The flowers withered :

One after one

Death's cold hand gathered,

Till all were gone :

And the eyes that were sparkling

With pleasure's ray,

Lay cold and darkling

Till judgment-day.

Lonely and weeping

A few were left,

Of those who were sleeping

Too soon bereft ;

But *they* soon were lying
 Beneath the sod—
And I, the Undying,
 Remained—with God !

And the silvery fountains went murmuring on,
But the voices of music and pleasure were gone.
And I could not bear the banquet-room,
Reminding me ever of my doom ;
When the purple goblet I tried to quaff,
In my ear there rang some forgotten laugh ;
And when the lay I sought to pour,
Voices came round me which sang no more.
Yea ! when I saw some lovely form,
I thought how soon it must feed the worm—
And shrank from the touch it left behind,
As if I were not of human kind ;
Or that the thing I could not save
Were withering, *then*, in the cold dark grave.

 I wandered through my halls
 Broken-hearted :—
Is it my voice which calls
 On the departed,
 With that stern, sad tone ?
Where are, beloved in vain,
 Your countless numbers ?
May you not wake again

From your dark slumbers ?

Am I to be alone ?

Oh ! let but *one* return—

One fond one only ;

Raise up the heavy urn,

Life is so lonely—

I ask no more of Heaven.

The mocking echoes round,

My words repeating

With their dim dreary sound,

Forbid our meeting—

I may not be forgiven !

Linda ! my Linda ! those, and those alone

Who have lived on, when more than life was gone ;

And being yet young, look to the heavy years

Which are to come—a future all of tears—

Those only who have stood in some bright spot

With those beloved ones who shared their lot,

And stand again in that sweet fairy scene,

When those young forms are as they had not been ;

When gazing wildly round, some fancied word

Strikes on the listening spirit, and it seems

As if again those gentle tones were heard

Which never more can sound except in dreams—

Those only who have started and awoke

In anguish'd pain,

And yearn'd (the gladsome vision being broke)

To dream again—

Can feel for *me*. It seem'd a little day

In which that generation pass'd away ;

And others rose up round me, and they trod

In those same streets—upon the selfsame sod

They loved and were beloved : they ate—they laugh'd—

And the rich grape from ancient goblets quaff'd :

But I remain'd alone—a blighted thing,

Like one sere leaf amid the flowers of spring !

My sick worn heart refused to cling again

To dreams that pass away, and yearnings vain.

Thou canst not think how strange—how horribly strange

It was to see all round me fade and change,

And I remain the same !—I sat within

My halls of light, a thing of care and sin ;

The echoes gave me back the wild sad tone

Of every deep and solitary moan ;

Fearful I gazed on the bright walls around,

And dash'd the mocking mirrors to the ground.

And when I wander'd through the desert crowd

Of all my fellow-men, I could have bow'd

And grovell'd in the dust to him who would

Have struck my breast, to slay me where I stood.

They shrank from me as from some venomous snake

Watchfully coil'd to spring from the dark brake

On the unwary. Fearful—fearful tales
Pass'd on from sire to son, link'd with my name,
With all the awful mystery which veils
A tale of guilt, and deepens its dark shame.
They shrank from me, I say, as, gaunt and wild
I wander'd on through the long summer's day ;
And every mother snatch'd her cowering child
With horror from my solitary way !
I fled from land to land, a hunted wretch ;
From land to land those tales pursued me still :
Across the wide bright sea there seem'd to stretch
A long dark cloud my fairest hopes to kill.
I grew a wanderer : from Afric's coast,
Where gaily dwelt the yet unfetter'd black,
To Iran, of her eager sons the boast,
I went along my dim and cheerless track.
O'er the blue Mediterranean, with its isles
And dancing waves, and wildly pleasing song,
By Lusitania's land of sun and smiles,
My joyless bark in darkness sail'd along !
On many a soil my wandering feet have trod,
And heard the voice of nations worship God.
Where the dim-minded Heathen raised his prayer
To some bright spirit dwelling in mid-air,
I have stood by, and cursed the stiffen'd knee
Which would not bow like him to Deity.

Where the proud Ghebir, still at morning hour,
Confess'd a God of glory and of power
In the red sun that roll'd above his head,
There have I been, and burning tear-drops shed.
Where the Mahometan, through ages gone,
In his dark faith hath blindly wander'd on ;
Where the incredulous Jew, yet unforgiven,
Still vainly waits the crucified of Heaven ;
Where the meek Christian raises to the skies
His clasping hands, and his adoring eyes,
And prays that God—the All-seeing God—will bless
His heart with purity of holiness ;
Where rosy infancy in smiles was kneeling,
With murmuring, half-imperfect word, appealing
Unto the giver of all good—where joy
 Its tearful thanks return'd, and bless'd the day
When should be tasted bliss which cannot cloy,
 And tears in heaven's own light be dried away ;
And where the frantic voice of love's despair
Sends forth its thrilling sound, half wail, half prayer ;
In every temple, and at every shrine
I 've stood and wish'd the darkest worship mine—
So I might see, howe'er the beam mistaking,
Some smile from Heaven upon a heart that 's breaking !

“ ’Twas on God’s glad and holy sabbath day,
When the wide world kneels down at once to pray,—
When every valley, every mountain sod,
Sends its faint tribute to the mighty God,
And the low murmurings of the voiceless airs
Waft on the echo of a thousand prayers—
I stood on England’s fresh and fairy ground.
All lay in dewy stillness far around,
Save the soft chiming of the village bell,
Which seem’d a tale of love and peace to tell.

I stood among the tombs—and saw the crowd
Of Christians enter in ;
Each meek and humble head they gently bow’d,
And chased the thoughts of sin.
I watch’d them—one by one they onward pass’d
And from my sight were gone,
The welcome opening door received the last
And left me there alone.

The blood rush’d thickly to my panting heart,
And as I turn’d me sorrowing to depart,
An inward voice seem’d whispering—‘ Sinner, go !
And with those meek adorers bend thee low.’
I trembled—hesitated—reach’d the door
Through which the pious crowd had ceased to pour :
A sudden faintness came upon me there,
And the relaxing limb refused to bear.

I sank upon a stone, and laid my head
Above the happy and unconscious dead ;
And when I rose again, the doors were closed !
In vain I then my fearful thoughts opposed ;
Some busy devil 'whisper'd at my heart
And tempted me to evil.—' Shall the dart
Of pain and anguish (thus I wildly said,)
Fall only on my persecuted head ?
Shall *they* kneel peaceful down, and I stand here
Oppress'd with horror's sick and fainting fear ?
Forbid it, Powers of Hell !—A lowly cot
Stood near that calm and consecrated spot :
I enter'd it :—the morning sunshine threw
Its warm bright beams upon the flowers that grew
Around it and within it—'twas a place
So peaceful and so bright, that you might trace
The tranquil feelings of the dwellers there ;
There was no taint of shame, or crime, or care.
On a low humble couch was softly laid
A little slumberer, whose rosy head
Was guarded by a watch-dog ; while I stood
In hesitating, half-repentant mood,
My glance still met his large, bright, watchful eye,
Wandering from me to that sweet sleeper nigh.
Yes, even to that dumb animal I seem'd
A thing of crime ; the murderous death-light gleam'd

Beneath my brow ; the noiseless step was mine ;
I moved with conscious guilt, and his low whine
Responded to my sigh, whose echo fell
Heavily—as 'twere loth within that cot to dwell.
My inmost heart grew sick—I turn'd me where
The smouldering embers of a fire still were ;
With shuddering hand I snatch'd a brand whose light
Appear'd to burn unnaturally bright ;
And then with desperate step I bore that torch
Unto the chapel's consecrated porch !
A moment more that edifice had fired
And all within in agony expired ;
But, dimly swelling through my feverish soul,
 A chorus as from heaven's bright chancel came,
Dash'd from my madden'd lips Guilt's venom'd bowl,
 And quench'd in bitter tears my heart's wild flame.
The pealing organ, with the solemn sound
Of countless voices, fill'd the air around ;
And, as I leant my almost bursting brow
On the cold walls, the words came sad and slow
To me, the exiled one, who might not share
The joyfulness of their exstatic prayer.
Sadly I watch'd till through the open door
The crowd of worshippers began to pour ;
The hour was over—*they* had pray'd to Heaven,
And now return'd to peaceful homes forgiven ;

While *I*—one 'wilderer glance I gave around
 Upon that sunny, consecrated ground ;
 The warbling birds, whose little songs of joy
 The future and the past can ne'er alloy ;
 The rosy flowers, the warm and welcome breeze
 Murmuring gently through the summer trees,
 All—all to me was cursed—*I could not die !*
 I stretch'd my yearning arms unto the sky,
 I press'd my straining fingers on my brow,
 (Nothing could cool its maddening pulses now,)
 And flung me groaning by a tombstone there
 To weep in my despair !

* * * * * *
 * * * * * *

Long had I wept : a gentle sound of woe
 Struck on my ear—I turn'd the cause to know.
 I saw a young fair creature silently
 Kneeling beside a stone,
 A form as bright as man would wish to see,
 Or woman wish to own ;
 And eyes, whose true expression should be gladness,
 Beam'd forth in momentary tears of sadness,
 Showing like sun-shine through a summer rain
 How soon 'twill all be bright and clear again.
 I loved her !—

* * * * * *

In truth she was a light and lovely thing,
Fair as the opening flower of early spring.
The deep rose crimson'd in her laughing cheek,
And her eyes seem'd without the tongue to speak ;
Those dark blue glorious orbs !—oh ! summer skies
Were nothing to the heaven of her eyes.

And then she had a witching art
To wile all sadness from the heart ;
Wild as the half-tamed gazelle,
She bounded over hill and dell,
Breaking on you when alone
With her sweet and silvery tone,
Dancing to her gentle lute
With her light and fairy foot ;
Or to our lone meeting-place
Stealing slow with gentle pace,
To hide among the feathery fern ;
And, while waiting her return,
I wander'd up and down for hours—
She started from amid the flowers,
Wild, and fresh, and bright as they,
To wing again her sportive way.

“ And she was good as she was fair ;
Every morn and every even

Kneeling down in meekness there
To the Holy One of Heaven ;
While those bright and soul-fraught eyes
With an angel's love seem'd burning,
All the radiance of blue skies
With an equal light returning.
The dream of guilt and misery
In that young soul had never enter'd ;
Her hopes of Heaven—her love of me,
Were all in which her heart had centred :
Her longest grief, her deepest woe,
When by her mother's tomb she knelt,
Whom she had lost too young to know
How deep such loss is sometimes felt.

“ It was not grief, but soft regret,
Such as, when one bright sun hath set
After a happy day, will come
Stealing within our heart's gay home,
Yet leaves a hope (that heart's best prize)
That even brighter ones may rise.
A tear, for hours of childhood wept ;
A garland, wove for her who slept ;
A prayer, that the pure soul would bless
Her child, and save from all distress ;

A sigh, as clasp'd within her own
 She held my hand beside that stone,
 And told of many a virtue rare
 That shone in her who slumber'd there—
 Were all that clouded for a while
 The brightness of her sunny smile.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

It was a mild sweet evening, such
 As thou and I have sometimes felt
 When the soul feels the scene so much
 That even wither'd hearts must melt ;
 We sat beside that sacred place—
 Her mother's tomb; her glorious head
 Seem'd brightening with immortal grace,
 As the impartial sun-light shed
 Its beams alike on the cold grave,
 Wandering o'er the unconscious clay,
 And on the living eyes which gave .
 Back to those skies their borrow'd ray.
 ' Isbal, beloved !' 'twas thus my Edith spoke,
 (And my worn heart almost to joy awoke
 Beneath the thrill of that young silver tone :)
 ' Isbal, before thou call'st me all thine own,
 I would that I might know the whole
 Of what is gloomy in thy soul.

Nay, turn not on me those dark eyes
 With such wild anguish and surprise.
 In spite of every playful wile,
 Thou know'st I never see thee smile ;
 And oft, when, laughing by thy side
 Thou think'st that I am always gay,
 Tears which are hanging scarcely dried
 By thy fond kiss are wiped away.
 And deem me not a child ; for though
 A gay and careless thing I be,
 Since I have loved, I feel that, oh !
 I could bear aught—do aught for thee !'

“ What boots it to record each gentle tone
 Of that young voice, when ev'n the tomb is gone
 By which we sat and talk'd ? that innocent voice,
 So full of joy and hope, that to rejoice
 Seem'd natural to those who caught the sound !
 The rosy lips are moulder'd under ground :
 And she is dead—the beautiful is dead !

The loving and the loved hath pass'd away,
 And deep within her dark and narrow bed
 All mutely lies what was but breathing clay.

* * * * *

* * * * *

Why did I tell the wildly horrible tale?—

Why did I trust the voice that told me *she*
 Could bear to see beyond the lifted veil

A future life of hopeless misery?—

I told her *all*— * * * *

There was a long deep pause.

I dared not raise my eyes to ask the cause,

But waited breathlessly to hear once more

The gentle tones which I had loved of yore.

Was *that* her voice?—oh God!—was that her cry?

Were hers those smother'd tones of agony?

Thus she spoke; while on my brow

The cold drops stood as they do now:—

'It is not that I could not bear

The worst of ills with thee to share:

It is not that thy future fate

Were all too dark and desolate:

Earth holds no pang—Hell shows no fear

I would not *try* at least to bear;

And if my heart too weak might be,

Oh! it would then have broke for *thee!*

No, not a pang one tear had cost

But this—to see thee, know thee, lost!'

“ My parch'd lips strove for utterance—but no,

I could but listen still, with speechless woe :

I stretch'd my quivering arms—' Away! away!'
 She cried, 'and let me humbly kneel, and pray
 For pardon; if, indeed, such pardon be
 For having dared to love—a thing like thee!'

“ I wrung the drops from off my brow ;
 I sank before her, kneeling low
 Where the departed slept.
 I spoke to her of heaven's wrath
 That clouded o'er my desert path,
 I raised my voice and wept !
 I told again my heart's dark dream,
 The lighting of joy's fever'd beam,
 The pain of living on ;
 When all of fair, and good, and bright,
 Sank from my path like heaven's light
 When the warm sun is gone.

But though 'twas pity shone within her eye,
 'Twas mingled with such bitter agony,
 My blood felt chill.

Her round arms cross'd upon her shrinking breast,
 Her pale and quivering lip in fear compress'd
 Of more than mortal ill,

She stood.—' My Edith!—mine!' I frantic cried ;
 ' My Edith!—*mine!*' the sorrowing hills replied ;

And the familiar sound so dear erewhile,
Brought to her lip a wild and ghastly smile.
Then gazing with one long, long look of love,
She lifted up her eyes to heaven above,
And turned them on me with a gush of tears :
Those drops renew'd my mingled hopes and fears.
' Edith !—oh ! hear me !' With averted face
And outspread arms she shrank from my embrace.
' Away !—away !'—She bent her shuddering knee,
Bow'd her bright head—and Edith ceased to be !

She was so young, so full of life,
I linger'd o'er the mortal strife
That shook her frame, with hope— how vain !
Her spirit might return again.
Could she indeed be gone ?—the love
Of my heart's inmost core !—I strove
Against the truth.—That thing of smiles,
With all her glad and artless wiles—
She, who one hour ago had been
The fairy of that magic scene !—
She, whose fond playful eye such brilliance shed,
That laughter-loving thing—could *she* be cold and dead ?—
I buried her, and left her there ;
And turn'd away in my despair.

“ And Evening threw her shadows round
That beautiful and blessed ground,
And all the distant realms of light
Twinkled from out the dark blue night.
So calmly pure—so far away
From all Earth’s sorrows and her crimes,
The gentle scene before me lay ;
So like the world of olden times,
That those who gazed on it might swear
Nothing but peace could enter there.
And yet *there* lay ungrown, untrod,
The fresh and newly turned-up sod,
Which cover’d o’er as fair a form
As ever fed the noxious worm.
There, but an hour ago—yea, less,
The agony and bitterness
Of human feelings, wrought so high
We can but writhe awhile and die,
Troubled the peace around ; and sent
Wild shrieks into the firmament.
How strange the earth, *our* earth, should share
So little in our crime or care !
The billows of the treacherous main
Gape for the wreck, and close again
With dancing smiles, as if the deep
Had whelm’d not with eternal sleep

Many and many a warm young heart
Which swell'd to meet, and bled to part.
The battle plain its verdant breast
Will show in bright and sunny rest,
Although its name is now a word
Through sobs, and moans, and wailing heard ;
And many, mourn'd for from afar,
There died the writhing death of war.
Yea, ev'n the stream, by whose cool side
Lay those who thirsted for its tide,
Yearning for some young hand of yore,
Wont in bright hours with smiles to pour
The mantling wine for him whose blood
Is mixing with the glassy flood—
Ev'n *that* pure fountain gushes by
With all its former brilliancy ;
Nor bears with it one tint to show
How, crimson it began to flow.
And thus an echo takes the tone
Of agony : and when 'tis gone,
Air, earth, and sea forget the sound,
And all is still and silent round.
And thus upon each cherish'd grave
The sunbeams smile, the branches wave ;
And all our tears for those who now are not,
Sink in the flowery turf—and are forgot !

* * * * *

And I return'd again, and yet again,
 To that remember'd scene of joy and pain :
 And ev'n while sitting by the early tomb
 Of her who had deserved a better doom,
 Her laughing voice rang in my ear,
 Her fairy step seem'd coming near,
 And I half heard her gay replies ;
 Until I raised my heavy eyes :
Then on the lone and desert spot I bow'd,
 And hid my groaning head, and wept aloud."

The stranger paused—and Linda gently wept
 For him who lived in pain—for her who slept ;
 And clung to him, as if she fear'd that fate
 Would strike him there and leave her desolate.
 He spoke—and deaf her ear to all below,
 Save the deep magic of that voice of woe !

“THE UNDYING ONE.”

CANTO II.

“THE UNDYING ONE.”

CANTO II.

“YEARS pass’d away in grief—and I foreswore,
For her dear sake whose heart could feel no more,
The sweetness and the witchery of love,
Which round my spirit such deep charm had wove:
And the dim twilight, and the noonday sky,
The fountain’s music, the rich brilliancy
Of Nature in her summer—all became
To me a joyless world—an empty name—
And the heart’s beating, and the flush’d fond thought
Of human sympathy, no longer brought
The glow of joy to this o’er-wearied breast,
Where hope like some tired pilgrim sank to rest.
The forms of beauty which my pathway cross’d
Seem’d but dim visions of my loved and lost,

Floating before me to arouse in vain
 Deep yearnings, for what might not come again,
 Tears without aim or end, and lonely sighs,
 To which earth's echoes only gave replies.

* * * * *

* * * * *

And I departed—once again to be
 Roaming the desert earth and trackless sea :
 Amongst men ; but not with them : still alone
 Mid crowds, unnamed—unnoticed—and unknown.
 I wander'd on—and the loud shout went forth
 Of Liberty, from all the peopled world,
 Like a dark watch-word breathing south and north
 Where'er the green turf grew, or billow curl'd ;
 And when I heard it, something human stirr'd
 Within my miserable breast, and lo !
 With the wild struggling of a captive bird,
 My strong soul burst its heavy chain of woe.
 I rose and battled with the great and brave,
 Dared the dark fight upon the stormy wave.—
 From the swarth climes, where sunshine loves to rest,
 To the green islands of the chilly west,
 Where'er a voice was raised in Freedom's name,
There sure and swift my eager footstep came.
 And bright dreams fired my soul—How sweet will be
 To me the hour of burning victory !

When the oppressor ceaseth to oppress,
 And this sad name the tortured nations bless :
 When tyranny beneath my sword shall bend,
 And the freed earth shall turn and own me for her friend !

* * * * *
 * * * * *

Where Rome's proud eagle, which is now a name,
 Spread forth its wings of glory to the sky ;
 And young warm hearts, that dreamt of deathless fame,
 Woke from that dream to gaze around and die :
 Where the pale crescent gleam'd athwart the cloud
 Of men array'd to perish in their pride ;
 And the harsh note of war rang wild and loud
 To urge the course of that impetuous tide :
 Where Spain's dark banner o'er the castle walls
 Heavily floats upon the mournful breeze—
 And firmly sad the measured footstep falls
 Of him who dreams of home in scenes like these :
 Where steep'd in bitter tears and guiltless blood,
 The lily flag of France droops sadly down :
 Where England's lion o'er the heaving flood
 Boastfully flutters in its proud renown :
 Ev'n where her sister island dimly rears
 (Though all the freshness from its hue be gone)
 Her verdant standard from a land of tears,
 While there are winds in heaven to waft it on :—

'Neath these, and many more than these, my arm
Hath wielded desperately the avenging steel—
And half exulting in the awful charm
Which hung upon my life—forgot to feel !

“ I fought and conquer'd—and when all was done
How fared misfortune's persecuted son ?
The dim days pass'd away and left me lone ;
The tyrant and the slave alike were gone.
The indignant eyes that flash'd their wrath afar—
The swords that glitter'd through the cloudy war—
The swelling courage of the manly breast—
The iron hand whose strength the weak oppress'd—
The shouting voices in the deadly fray—
The jest and song that made ev'n camps seem gay—
The sounds—the forms—the feelings which had made
Those scenes in which my feet so long had stray'd—
Where and what are they now ? a bitter dream
Lit by a meteor-like delusive gleam.
Freedom ! thou art indeed a dream ! a bright
And beautiful—a vision of pure light,
Pour'd on our earth-clad spirits from above—
Where all are equals, and where all is love :
But yet no less a dream. Where is the land
Which for the ploughshare hath exchanged the brand,

And been at peace for ever ? Is there not
A war with all things in our changeful lot ?
A war with Heaven, a war with our own souls,
Where stormily the sea of passion rolls—
Wrecking each better feeling, which doth strain
For liberty—and wrings our hearts to pain ?
The war of fallen spirits with their sin,
The terrible war which rageth deep within—
Lo ! *there* the cause of all the strife below
Which makes God's world a wilderness of woe.
Ye dream, and dream, and dream from day to day,
And bleed, and fight, and struggle, and decay ;
And with high-sounding mockeries beguile
Natures that sink, and sicken—all the while.
Whither are the old kings and conquerors gone ?
Where are the empires lost—the empires won ?
Look—from the classic lands whose fallen pride
Is fain to summon strangers to their side—
Where with weak wail they call themselves oppress'd,
Who, if unchain'd, would still be slaves at best—
To far across the dim and lonely sea
Where the thrice-conquer'd styles herself 'the free :'
How many generations now are past
Since the first war-cry rose, and when will be the last ?
Yet is there freedom in a distant clime,
Where freedom dwelleth to the end of time ;

And peace, and joy, and ignorance of fear,
And happiness—but oh ! not here ! *not* here !
Not in this world of darkness and of graves,
Where the strong govern, and the weak are slaves.
Thou, whose full heart would dream of liberty,
Go out beneath the solitary sky
In its blue depth of midnight—stand and gaze
While the stars pour on thee their gentle rays ;
And image, if thou canst, unto thy soul
A little part of the most wondrous whole
Of all that lies beyond—*there* no dark strife
Destroys the creatures of the God of Life ;
There no ambition to be made more great
Turns the pure love of brothers into hate.
Each hath his place assign'd him like the stars
Up in the silent sky, where nothing wars.

“ 'Twas on a battle plain,—here in thine own
Sweet land of sunshine, that I paused to mark
The heaps of slaughter'd heroes now o'erthrown,
Whose helpless corpses lay all stripp'd and stark.
'Twas in the time when Moorish blood first mix'd
With haughty Spain's ; and on her spotless name
The dint and brand of slavery affix'd ;
And blood was spilt to reap eternal shame.

The useless struggle ended on that day,
And round about Grenada's walls there lay
Many and many a brave young bosom, gored
By the rude spear or deeply thrusting sword.
And silence was upon that fatal field,
Save when, to nature's anguish forced to yield,
Some fallen soldier heaved a broken sigh
For his far home, and turn'd him round to die :
Or when the wailing voice of woman told

That her long weary search was not in vain,
And she had found the bosom, stiff and cold,
Where her soft clustering curls had often lain.

'Twas one of these that burst upon my ear

While watching on that field : the wind-harp's tone
Was not more mournful, nor more sweetly clear,
Than was the sound of that sad woman's moan.

Through the dim moonlight I beheld a form—
Her dark brow clouded with grief's passionate storm,
And on her breast an infant calmly slept

Which she would pause to gaze on ; and again,
With bitterness renew'd, she loudly wept,
And call'd on its dead father—but in vain !

‘ My early and my only love, why silent dost thou lie,
When heavy grief is in my heart, and tear-drops in mine
eye ;

I call thee, but thou answerest not, all lonely though I be :
Wilt thou not burst the bonds of sleep, and rise to comfort
me ?

‘ Oh ! wake thee—wake thee from thy rest upon the
tented field :

This faithful breast shall be at once thy pillow and thy
shield ;

If thou hast doubted of its truth and constancy before,
Oh ! wake thee now, and it will strive to love thee even
more.

‘ If ever we have parted, and I wept thee not as now,
If ever I have seen thee come, and worn a cloudy brow,
If ever harsh and careless words have caused thee pain and
woe,

Then sleep, in silence sleep, and I—will bow my head and go.

‘ But if, through all the vanish’d years whose shadowy joys
are gone,

Through all the changing scenes of life, I thought of thee
alone ;

If I have mourn’d for thee when far, and worshipp’d thee
when near,

Then wake thee up, my early love, this weary heart to
cheer !

‘ Awake ! thy baby-boy is here, upon whose soft cheek lie
No tears of grief, save those which fall from his sad mother’s eye ;

How, lingering, didst thou gaze on him when we were forced
to part—

Rise up, for he is here again, and press him to thy heart !

‘ In vain, in vain—I dream of thee and joyous life in vain ;
Thou never more shalt rise in strength from off the bloody
plain ;

Thou never more shalt clasp thy boy, nor hold me to thy
breast :

Thou hast left us lonely on the earth, and thou art gone
to rest.

‘ Awake thee, my forsaken boy !—awake, my babe, and
weep ;

Art thou less wretched that thy brow no trace of woe can
keep ?

Oh ! would through life that thou mightst taste no cup
but that of joy,

And I, as now, might weep for both—my boy !—my orphan
boy !’

“ She paused and raised her dark wild eyes, where bright
In the blue heavens broke the dawning light—

But what to her was day or sunshine now,
 All vainly beaming on that pallid brow ?
She only felt that never more with him,
 In the deep cloudless noon, or moonlight dim,
 Her weary feet might wander—that his voice
 Should never bid her beating heart rejoice—
 That where there had been sunniness and bliss,
 Silence and shadows and deep loneliness
 Must be her portion—that all days to come
 Would rise upon a widow'd heart and home.—
She only felt, while weeping on that spot,
 That bright and waking world contain'd *him* not !
 She rose as if to go—yet once again
 Turn'd back in tears to gaze upon the slain ;
 And raised her voice of wail, whose tone might ne'er
 Awake an echo in that slumbering ear :—

' We shall meet no more on the sunny hill,
 Where the lonely wild flower springs and dies ;
 We shall meet no more by the murmuring rill,
 Where the blue cool waters idly rise.
 The sunshine and flowers all bright remain
 In their lonely beauty, as of yore ;
 But to *me* 'twill never be bright again—
 We shall meet no more ! we shall meet no more !

' We shall meet no more in the lighted halls,
Amid happy faces and gay young hearts ;
I may listen in vain as each footstep falls,
I may watch in vain as each form departs !
There *are* laughing voices, but thy young tone
Its cheerful greeting hath ceased to pour ;
Thy form from the dancing train is gone—
We shall meet no more ! we shall meet no more !'

“ Such was the scene where first I saw and loved
Xarifa.—She was beautiful, but not
By that alone my wither'd heart was moved ;
But that long days, unwept though unforgot,
Arose before me, freshly to oppress,
And wring my secret soul to bitterness.
Her sorrow was as mine, and every word
She utter'd in her agony did seem
As if a spirit voice I dimly heard
Speaking of Edith in a weary dream.
And so it was—our tearful hearts did cling
And twine together ev'n in sorrowing ;
And we became as one—her orphan boy
Lisp'd the word ' Father' as his dark eyes gazed,
With their expressive glance of timid joy,
Into my face, half pleased and half amazed.

And we did dwell together, calmly fond
With our own love, and not a wish beyond.

“ Well, we were happy ; and I vainly thought
That happiness so calm might last—but no !
Suns rose, and set, and rose ; years came and pass’d,
And brought with them my lot—the lot of woe.
And the boy grew in beauty and in strength,
Rousing my soul to love him more and more --
Till I gazed on that graceful form at length
With a proud worship—and while musing o’er
The happy future, half forgot that fate
Had doom’d me ever to be desolate—
That all *I* loved had but a life as frail
As the young flower that woos the summer gale ;
And that the hour *must* come, when they would flee
To that far land of peace where was no place for me !
And ev’n before that hour, upon my home
Dark shadows fell from weary day to day ;
And where there had been sunniness, was gloom—
And that boy’s mother changed and pined away.
In her unquiet eye from year to year
Rose the expression of a restless fear,
And lines, which time had yet forborne to trace,
Were writ by care upon her fading face.

There would she sit, and steal a fearful glance,
Or fix those Moorish eyes as in a trance
Upon my form ; and love dwelt still within
That pure fond heart which suffer'd for no sin.
And she would strive my sorrow to beguile,
And start, and wipe away her tears, and smile,
If, gazing in her waking dream, she caught
My eye, and read therein the master thought.
But never through those years did word or sign
Ask for the secret which was wholly mine.
She faded silently as doth the rose,

Which but in death reveals the secret smart,
And faintly smiling, to the last bestows

A balmy perfume from its withering heart.
How often, when I gazed on her, there came
The earnest wish that trembled through my frame,
To rise—to clasp her to my swelling breast,
To falter forth my tale, and be at rest !
When others, whom the laws of Heaven had tied,
Wander'd through this world's sunshine side by side ;
Each beaming face bright as *their* brows above,
With perfect confidence and mutual love—
When I have seen some young heart's feeling rise
And glisten forth from glad and loving eyes ;
Or heard the murmur'd words fond lips have spoken
Of faith unchanged and firm, and vows unbroken—

How I have strain'd my clasp'd and quivering hands,
 And stretch'd them to the heavens as if in prayer ;
 Yearning to bow to Nature's strong commands,
 And cloud another's life with *my* despair !
 But when I thought of Edith—of that hour
 When suddenly, and like a storm-scathed flower
She sank and perish'd, whose dear brightness seem'd
 More beautiful than aught my heart had dream'd—
 I shrank within myself, and silently
 Met the sad glances of her anxious eye.

“ Oh Sympathy !—how little do they know,
 Who to a fellow heart confide their woe,
 Who raise their tearful gaze to see again
 Reflected back those drops of summer rain—
 How weighs the lid which dares not show its tear,
 But weeps in silence, agony, and fear ;
 And, dying for a glance, must yet disown
 The sacred balm of hearts, and writhe alone !
 To stifle grief till none but God can see,
 Longing the while to say, ‘ Come, weep with me :
 Weep ! for the flowers have faded from my path,
 The rays of light have left my darken'd sky :
 Weep ! for thy tear is all the wanderer hath,
 Whose lone despair would bid him groan—and die :’

Thus—thus to shrink from every outstretch'd hand,
 To strive in secret, and alone to stand ;
 Or, when obliged to mingle with the crowd,
 Curb the pain'd lip which quiveringly obeys—
 Gapes wide with sudden laughter, vainly loud,
 Or writhes a faint slow smile to meet their gaze—
 This—*this* is hell ! The soul which dares not show
 The barbed sorrow which is rankling there,
 Gives way at length beneath its weight of woe,
 Withers unseen, and darkens to despair !

“ One eve at spring-tide's close we took our way,
 When eve's last beams in soften'd glory fell,
 Lighting her faded form with sadden'd ray,
 And the sweet spot where we so loved to dwell.
 Faintly and droopingly she sat her down
 By the blue waters of the Guadalquivir ;
 With darkness on her brow, but yet no frown,
 Like the deep shadow on that silent river.
 She sat her down, I say, with face upturn'd
 To the dim sky, which daylight was forsaking,
 And in her eyes a light unearthly burn'd—
 The light which spirits give whose chains are breaking !
 And, as she gazed, her low and tremulous voice
 In murmuring sweetness did address the earth,

With mournful rapture, which makes none rejoice ;
And gladness, which to sorrow doth give birth.

‘ The spring ! I love the spring ! for it hath flowers,
And gaily plumaged birds, and sapphire skies,
And sleeping sunshine, and soft cooling showers,
And shadowy woods where weary daylight dies.
And it hath dancing waters, where the sun,
With an enamour’d look at the light waves,
Doth lull himself to rest when day is done,
And sinks away behind their rocky caves.

‘ I love the spring, for it hath many things
In earth and air that mind me of old days ;
Voices and laughter and light murmurings
Borne on the breeze that through the foliage plays ;
And sounds that are not words, of human joy
From the deep bosom of the shelter’d wood ;
Woods dimm’d by distance, where, half pleased, half coy,
The maiden chides her broken solitude.

‘ The spring of youth !—how like to nature’s spring,
When its light pleasures all have pass’d away,
Are the dim memories which that word can bring,
Wringing the heart that feels its own decay!

The half forgotten charm of many a scene
Coming confusedly athwart the brain ;
The wandering where our former steps have been
With forms that may not wander there again ;—

‘ Murmurings and voices where some single tone
Thrills for a moment, and forgets to sound ;
Yearnings for all that now is past and gone,
And vain tears sinking in the mossy ground :—
Oh ! this is all, and more than all, which stays
To mock us with the sunshine of past years ;
And those spring shadows on our autumn days
Cast their dim gloom, and turn our smiles to tears !’

“ She paused—and on the river bent her glance,
As if she loved to see the waters dance,
And dash their silver sparkles on the shore
In mockery of Ocean’s giant roar.
And a half smile lit up that pallid brow,
As, casting flowers upon the silent stream,
She watch’d the frail sweet blossoms glide and go
Like human pleasures in a blissful dream.
And then, with playful force she gently flung
Small shining pebbles from the river’s brink,
And o’er the eddying waters sadly hung,
Pleased, and yet sorrowful, to see them sink.

‘ And thus,’ she said, ‘ doth human love forget
Its idols—some sweet blessings float away,
Follow’d by one long look of vain regret,
As they are slowly hastening to decay ;
And some, with sullen plunge, do mock our sight,
And suddenly go down into the tomb,
Startling the beating heart, whose fond delight
Chills into tears at that unlook’d-for doom.
And there remains no trace of them, save such
As the soft ripple leaves upon the wave ;
Or a forgotten flower, whose dewy touch
Reminds us some are withering in the grave !
When all is over, and she is but dust
Whose heart so long hath held thy form enshrined ;
When I go hence, as soon I feel I must,
Oh ! let my memory, Isbal, haunt thy mind.
Not for myself—oh ! not for *me* be given
Vain thoughts of vain regret, though that were sweet ;
But for the sake of that all-blissful Heaven,
Where, if thou willest it, we yet may meet.
When in thy daily musing thou dost bring
Those scenes to mind, in which I had a share ;
When in thy nightly watch thy heart doth wring
With thought of me—oh ! murmur forth a prayer !
A prayer for me—for thee—for all who live
Together, yet asunder in one home—

Who their soul's gloomy secret dare not give,
Lest it should blacken all their years to come.
Yes, Isbal, yes; to *thee* I owe the shade
That prematurely darkens on my brow;
And never had my lips a murmur made—
But—but that—see! the vision haunts me now!
She pointed on the river's surface, where
Our forms were pictured seated side by side;
I gazed on them, and her's was very fair;
And mine—was as thou seest it *now*, my bride.
But her's, though fair, was fading—wan and pale
The brow whose marble met the parting day.
Time o'er her form had thrown his misty veil,
And all her ebon curls were streak'd with grey:
But mine was youthful—yes! such youth as glows
In the young tree by lightning scathed and blasted—
That, joyless, waves its black and leafless boughs,
On which spring showers and summer warmth are wasted.
The lines upon my brow were those of age;
The hollow cheek might speak of time or woe;
But all the rest was as in life's first stage—
The tangled curls without one touch of snow.
Oh! wherefore do I thus describe old times?
Am I not here—the same accursed thing,
Stamp'd with the brand of darkness for my crimes—
Never to die—but ever withering?

“ Yes—yes—it is of *her* that I would tell.
 She turn'd, as from my lips a murmur fell,
 Half curse, half groan—and with a gentle look
 Of angel love and pity thus she spoke :—

‘ Isbal, forgive me, if a bitter thought
 This first, last time hath to thy heart been brought
 By her who loved thee, ev’n in doubt and dread,
 Better than ought, save him—the early dead !
 Forgive me ! for I would not pass from earth
 With one dark thought, which may have had its birth
 Unknown to thee ; nor leave thee till I’ve said—
 (Chide not these tears, which weakness makes me shed)—
 Till I have said—and truth is on my tongue—
 How fervently my heart to thine hath clung :
 How I have shrunk, yet sought thy dear caress ;
 How I have feared—but never loved thee less :
 How I have smiled for thee,—with thee, unbid,
 While quivering tears rose ’neath the swelling lid—
 And still kept silence when I would have spoken
 For fear that seal’d-up fountain should be broken.
 How I have—Isbal—Isbal—when I’m gone,
 And thou hast nothing left to smile upon ;
 Remember—’tis a weak, a foolish prayer—
 But *do* remember how I tried to bear

That worst of human pangs, a breaking heart,
And never let thee know how deep the smart!
Remember, that I never sought to know
The secret source of thy mysterious woe;
Nor ask'd why 'midst all changing things—unmoved
Thou—thou—(I tremble—heed it not, beloved!)—
Unmoved thou hast remained—Oh, Isbal, pray;
For dark the fear that clouds my parting day.
And though the word be vain—the time be pass'd,
Remember—I have loved thee to the last!
She ceased, and strove my hand in her's to keep:
She wept not *then*—she was too weak to weep—
But with a faint fond gaze, half awe, half love,
Like an embodied prayer,—she look'd above.
And I—I would have told her *then*—that tale
The dream of which had turn'd her soft cheek pale,
And sent her to her grave—but she refused.
'Isbal, thy confidence is not abused:
If thou art sinful, let me know it not;
If thou hast sorrow'd, let it be forgot:
The past is nothing now, and I would die
Without one thought which may not soar on high.'

And she *did* droop and die, and pass away,
Leaving her memory, and that youthful son

Who sorrow'd for a while and then was gay,
And spoke in smiles of that lamented one.
Happy ! for *him* the present bore no sting,
The past no agonies :—the future rose,
Bright as the colours of an angel's wing
Too far from earth to darken with its woes.
And he was form'd to love the haunts of men,
And to be fervently beloved again ;
Firm, but yet gentle—fearless, but not bold—
Gay with the young; and tender to the old ;
Scorning the heart where dark distrust was shown,
Because no treachery ever stain'd his own ;
Ardent in love, but yet no-ways inclined
To sue wherever beauty sate enshrined :—
Such was my orphan care, and I became
Proud of Abdallah's father's blessed name.
Glad were the youths in whom fond friends could spy
Abdallah's graceful mien and daring eye :
Fondly the aged hail'd their favourite boy
With faltering words of mingled praise and joy :
Nor less the fair and fairy ones adored
The eloquent of tongue, and swift of sword.
And, from the many beautiful, he chose
One that might share in peace his evening's close ;
There might be others fairer—but she was
So young— so meek—so feminine—applause,

And pride, and admiration, and the wild
Half worship which we pay earth's erring child—
All the tumultuous brain and bosom's stir
Sank into tenderness at sight of *her*.
You could not gaze on her, nor wish to shield
That shrinking form and gentle head from harm.
No borrow'd art could light or lustre yield,
But every bright addition spoil'd a charm.

“Their bridal day—their bridal day—it is
A day to be remember'd, deep within
The gloomy caves where dwells the foe of bliss,
And sends his fiends to tempt man on to sin.
The hall was bright with many-colour'd lamps;
The air was peopled with soft happy sounds;
And, careless of the dewy midnight damps,
Young feet were twinkling in the moonlit grounds:
The purple wine was mantling in the cup,
And flashing its rich hue upon *their* brows,
Who bent with eager lips to quaff it up,
And add their laughter to the loud carouse:
The merry jest—the superstitious tale—
The random question, and the tart reply,
Rang on in murmurings confused—till pale
The moonlight waned, and left the dawning sky.

The light dance ceased—by lips as sweet as thine

The word of fond farewell was slowly said ;

Many departed—many sank supine,

With folded arms beneath each heavy head.

But still, with every lingering tardy guest

The brimming wine-cup circled as before :

And still went round the oft-repeated jest,

Which with impatient glance the bridegroom bore.—

There was a traveller, who chanced to be

Invited with this joyous company ;

And he was telling of the wondrous sights—

The popular sports—the strange and wild delights

Which in far countries he had heard and seen ;

And once in Italy, where he had been,

How in great ruin'd Rome he heard a strange

Wild horrible tale of one who, for a crime

Too deadly to relate, might never change,

But live undying to the end of time :

One who had wander'd sadly up and down

Through every sunny land and peopled town,

With Cain's dark sign deep branded on his brow—

A haggard thing of guilt, and want, and woe !—

Breathings that seem'd like sobs, so loud they came

And chokingly from out my trembling frame,

Fill'd up the awful pause which came at length,

As if to give his words more horrid strength.

And every eye turn'd wonderingly and wild
Upon my face, while shudderingly I smiled,
And said, 'It is a fearful tale indeed ;

But one that scarce needs daunt ye, since ye are
From the dark fiend whom Heaven such fate decreed,

And Rome's imperial ruins, distant far.'

More had I said, nor heeded their reply,

But that Abdallah met my glance, and rose ;—

And on *his* face I fix'd my wandering eye,

Which glared, and glared, and glared, and would not
close.

And o'er his eager brow there shot a gleam,

As if but now remembering some dark dream.

And his lips parted—but he did not speak ;

And his hand rose, but languidly and weak

Sank down again ; while still we gazing stood

Into each other's eyes, as if for food.

I tried to laugh, but hollow in my throat

The gurgling murmur died ; and once again

That young arm rose, and on the table smote,

And the slow words came audibly and plain :

While on all sides they fled and left us there,

Guilt, fear, and anguish, battling with despair.

'Arise, accursed ! and go forth in peace !

No hand shall harm thee, and no tongue insult ;

But 'neath this roof thy unblest voice must cease ;

And thy dark sin must meet its dark result.'

I trembled, but obey'd not ; from his face

My eyes withdrew, and sank upon the ground :

While standing rooted, helpless, in my place,

I utter'd some half inarticulate sound—

Terms that I scarce remember—all, save *one*,

Utter'd with agony—it was, ' My son.'

And well I can recall the look, ev'n now,

Of scorn angelic on his lip and brow ;

The cold defiance of his alter'd eye ;

The tone that bade me wander forth and die ;

Like the bright cherub to his home in hell

Dooming the first who sinn'd—the first who fell.

' Thy son ! I thank kind heaven, whate'er my lot,

That word is false ; my father thou art not !

My father !—back unto thy place of crime,

Dark fiend, who slew my mother ere her time !

Darest thou remind me by the awful sound,

How a mock link to *thee* that angel bound ?

Well can I now explain her gentle look

Of mingled terror, anguish, and rebuke,

As 'neath thy blasting look, from day to day,

Sick of the joyless world, she pined away.

Breathe not the words, she loved thee : true, she loved :
 In that *her* virtue, not thine own, is proved.
 She loved, because the purity within
 Her gentle heart was ignorance of sin.
 Praise be to Heaven, she died ! I little thought
 Such words should to my secret soul be taught ;
 But I would howl them to the assembled world :
 Praise be to Heaven, she died ! nor saw thee hurl'd
 From out the haunts of men with fear and hate,
 Like a wan leper from the city's gate !
 Praise be to Heaven, she died ! nor saw thee stand
 With shrinking quivering form, and nerveless hand—
 The cowardice of guilt within thy heart,
 And shaking thee—all devil as thou art !
 Go !—The poor leper, scarr'd, and pale, and wan,
 And driven groaning from his fellow man ;
 Trailing his loathsome languid limbs afar,
 And gazing back where all his loved ones are—
 The loved, who love him not :—oh ! he is free
 From ill or sadness, when compared with thee.
 Though all forsake him as he helpless lies,
 And, straining his dim eyes, doth wonder where
 Are those who should watch o'er him as he dies,
 Cool his hot mouth, and soften his despair :
 Though in the dust with agony he rolls—
His is the body's plague, and thine, and *thine*—the soul's !'

“ Bitter the truth, and bitterly I spoke,
When from my lip the first deep murmur broke ;
And then to that young heart I made appeal—
That heart which seem'd for all but me to feel :
Till like a torrent my pent words found way,
And thus I raved :—

“ ‘ Happy the cottager ! for he hath sons
And blue-eyed daughters made for love and mirth ;
And many a child whose chasing footstep runs
Around the precincts of his humble hearth.
Borne on the breeze their light-toned laughter comes,
Making glad music in the parents' ear ;
And their bright faces light their humble homes,
Brows all unshaded yet by guilt or fear !
And if at length one rosy head bows low,
And prayers are vain from death's dark power to save,
The lessen'd circle meet in mingled woe
To weep together o'er that gentle grave :
And, gazing through their misty tears, they see
(Like the blue opening through the stormy cloud)
Faces where grief was never meant to be,
And eyes whose joy doth mock the sable shroud.
The one link sever'd from that broken chain
Is lost, and they must cling to what is left ;

Back to their many loves they turn again,
And half forget of what they were bereft.
But I—I had but thee! I had but thee!
And thou wert precious to my weary heart:
For thee I bow'd the head and bent the knee—
For thee I toil'd till the strong vein would start.
And thou didst pay me then with many a smile,
And broken words by joy-touch'd lips breathed forth;
And many a little playful infant wile—
Dear to my soul—to others little worth.
The lip that now hath quiver'd forth its curse,
The shuddering hand that bade my form obey—
The trembling limbs that shrink as if from worse
Than death could threaten to his human prey—
All—all have clung to me, with each fond sign:
The tottering feeble step hath sought my aid:
And oft have gently nestled, close to mine,
The clustering curls of that indignant head!
I am but human, though the tale be true
Which curses me with life, while life may last;
And the long future which doth mock my view,
But makes me cling more closely to the past.
Leave me not!—leave me not!—whate'er I be,
Thou surely shouldst not judge me, nor forsake;
If not by ties of nature bound to thee,
Sure there are other ties man may not break.

Leave me not!—leave me not! I am not changed,
 Though thou but now hast heard my tale of sin :
 I still can love thee, boy, as when we ranged,
 Hand link'd in hand, those pleasant bowers within :
 I know that other men will gaze and scoff
 As the lone desolate one doth journey on ;
 I know that human things will cast me off—
 But *thou!*—forsake me not—my son!—my son! '

“ He shook—the deep sob labour'd in his breast—
 Then sprang to me with a convulsive cry ;
 And, as my head sank on that place of rest,
 Mingled with mine hot tears of agony.
 And she, his fairy bride—*she* did not shrink,
 But clung to me, as if she wish'd to prove,
 When sorrow's cup is brimming to the brink,
 How weak is woman's fear to woman's love !
 Oh ! nought of *self* is in their gentle hearts.
 The things we tempt—and trample when they fall,
 Danger and death—the dread that sin imparts,
 Sadden, but shake not—they will love through all.
 And we return'd, we three, unto our home—
 The home that had been ours in peace so long,
 And sunshine seem'd upon our hearts to come,
 As that young bride pour'd forth her evening song.

“ The morning dawn’d, and glad I wander’d out
Where the young flowers hung clustering about :
And a rich wreath I wove for her who slept,
Where nature’s pearly drops still freshly wept.
That dark blue morning brighten’d into day—
But none came forth—oh ! where, my heart, were they ?
I sought them in the little shady grove,
Where their young lips first learn’d to breathe of love ;
I sought them by the fountain’s playful stream,
Where they were wont of happiness to dream ;
I call’d them out to breathe the open day—
But none came forth—oh ! where, my heart, were they ?
That heart beat thick—I enter’d where the couch
Bedeck’d with flowers had woo’d their fond approach ;
I gazed around—no sign of life was there ;
My voice unanswer’d died upon the air ;
The yet unfaded flowers were blooming gay—
But none came forth—oh ! where, my heart, were they ?
Where were they ?—ay, where were they ? once again
I sought them, though I felt the search was vain—
Through every well-known path and sunny spot
I sought those truants—but I found them not ;
And when at length the weary day was done,
I sat me down, and knew I was alone.
Oh ! had a sob, a sound, but broke my sleep—
Had I but been allow’d to rise and weep—

Convulsively to strain them, ere they went,
To my chill'd breast ; to give my anguish vent ;
Methought I could have borne it ; but to rise
And glad me in the fresh and waking skies—
To greet the sun with joyfulness,—to wait,
Expecting them, and yet be desolate ;
To twine those flowers, and see them fade away,
Frail as the hopes that sicken'd with the day ;
To groan and listen, and to groan again,
While Echo only answer'd to my pain ;
To start from feverish dreams, and breathe unheard
 Loud words of welcome to that vision'd pair ;
To listen in my sleep some singing bird,
 And wake and find it was not Zara there ;
To stretch my eager arms those forms to bind,
And with redoubled bitterness to find
The shadowy vision gone I loved to trace,
And darkness where had beam'd each youthful face :—
This was my lot—and this I learnt to bear,
And cursed the human links which bound me still to care.

“THE UNDYING ONE.”

CANTO III.



“THE UNDYING ONE.”

CANTO III.

“THERE is a sound the autumn wind doth make
Howling and moaning, listlessly and low :
Methinks that to a heart that ought to break
All the earth’s voices seem to murmur so.

The visions that crost

Our path in light—

The things that we lost

In the dim dark night—

The faces for which we vainly yearn—

The voices whose tones will not return—

That low sad wailing breeze doth bring

Borne on its swift and rushing wing.

Have ye sat alone when that wind was loud,

And the moon shone dim from the wintry cloud ?

When the fire was quench’d on your lonely hearth,

And the voices were still which spoke of mirth ?

If such an evening, tho' but *one*,
It hath been yours to spend alone—
Never,—though years may roll along
Cheer'd by the merry dance and song ;
Though you mark'd not that bleak wind's sound before,
When louder perchance it used to roar—
Never shall sound of that wintry gale
Be aught to you but a voice of wail !
So o'er the careless heart and eye
The storms of the world go sweeping by ;
But oh ! when once we have learn'd to weep,
Well doth sorrow his stern watch keep.
Let *one* of our airy joys decay—
Let *one* of our blossoms fade away—
And all the griefs that others share
Seem ours, as well as theirs, to bear :
And the sound of wail, like that rushing wind
Shall bring all our own deep woe to mind !

“ I went through the world, but I paused not now
At the gladsome heart and the joyous brow :
I went through the world, and I stay'd to mark
Where the heart was sore, and the spirit dark :
And the grief of others, though sad to see,
Was fraught with a demon's joy to me !

“ I saw the inconstant lover come to take
Farewell of her he loved in better days,
And, coldly careless, watch the heart-strings break—
Which beat so fondly at his words of praise.
She was a faded, painted, guilt-bow'd thing,
Seeking to mock the hues of early spring,
When misery and years had done their worst
To wither her away. The big tears burst
From out her flashing eyes, which turn'd on him
With agony, reproach, and fear, while dim
Each object swam in her uncertain sight,
And nature's glories took the hue of night.
There was, in spite of all her passion's storm,
A wild revolting beauty in her form ;
A beauty as of sin, when first she comes
To tempt us from our calm and pleasant homes.
Her voice, with the appealing tone it took,
Her soft clear voice, belied her fearless look :
And woman's tenderness seem'd still to dwell
In that full bosom's agonizing swell.
And *he* stood there, the worshipp'd one of years—
Sick of her fondness—angry at her tears ;
Choking the loathing words which rose within
The heart whose passion tempted her to sin ;
While with a strange sad smile lost hours she mourns,
And prays and weeps, and weeps and prays by turns.

A moment yet he paused, and sigh'd—a sigh
Of deep, deep bitterness ; and on his eye
Love's gentle shadow rested for a space—
And faded feelings brighten'd o'er his face.
'Twas but a moment, and he turn'd in wrath
To quench the sunshine on her lonely path.
And his lip curl'd, as on that alter'd cheek
His cold glance rested—while, all faint and weak,
With tearful sad imploring gaze she stood,
Watching with trembling heart his changeful mood ;
Her thin lips parted with a ghastly smile,
She strove to please—yet felt she fail'd the while.
And thus his words burst forth : ' And dost thou dare
Reproach *me* with the burden of thy care ?
Accuse thy self-will'd heart, where passion reign'd ;
Some other hand the lily might have stain'd,
For thou didst listen when none else approved,
Proud in thy strength, and eager to be loved.
Rose of the morning, how thy leaves are gone !
How art thou faded since the sunrise shone !
Think not my presence was the cause of all—
Oh no, thy folly would have made thee fall :
Alike thy woe—alike the cause of blame—
Another tempter, but thine act the same.
And tell me not of all I said or swore :
Poor wretch ! art *thou* as in the days of yore ?

Thing of the wanton heart and faded brow,
Whate'er I said or did—I loathe thee *now!*
The frozen tears sank back beneath the lid,
Whose long black lashes half their sadness hid—
And with a calm and stedfast look, which spoke
Unutterable scorn, her spirit woke :—
' And *thou* art he, for whom my young heart gave
All hope of pardon on this side the grave !
For whom I still have struggled on, for years,
Through days of bitterness and nights of tears !—
True, I *am* changed since that bright summer's day,
When first from home love lured my steps to stray :
And true it is that art hath sought to hide
The work of woe which all my words belied ;—
But for whose sake have I with watchful care,
Though sick at heart, endeavour'd to be fair ?
For whom, when daylight broke along the skies,
Have I with fear survey'd my weeping eyes ?
For whom, with trembling fingers sought to dress
Each woe-worn feature with mock loveliness ?
Chased the pale sickness from my darken'd brow,
And strove to listen, calm—as I do now ?
For whom—if not for *thee*?—Oh ! had I been
Pure as the stainless lily—were each scene
Of guilt and passion blotted from that book
Where weepingly and sad the angels look—

Did I stand here the calm approved wife,
 Bound to thee by the chain that binds for life—
Could I have loved thee more? The dream is past—
 I who forsook, am lonely at the last !
 One hour ago the thought that we must part,
 And part for ever, would have broke my heart :
 But *now*—I cast thee from me ! Go and seek
 To pale the roses on a fresher cheek.
 Why lingerest thou ? Dost fear, when thou art gone,
 My woman's heart will wake, and live alone ?
 Fear not— the specious tongue whose well-feign'd tale
 Hath lured the dove to leave her native vale,
 May use its art some other to beguile ;
 And the approving world—will only smile.
 But she who sins, and suffers for that sin,
 Who throws the dangerous die, and doth not win—
 Loves once—and loves no more !' He glided by,
 And she turn'd from him with a shuddering sigh.

“ I saw the widower mournful stand,
 Gazing out on the sea and the land ;
 O'er the yellow corn and the waving trees,
 And the blue stream rippling in the breeze.
 Oh ! beautiful seem the earth and sky—
 Why doth he heave that bitter sigh ?

Vain are the sunshine and brightness to him—
His heart is heavy, his eyes are dim.
His thoughts are not with the moaning sea,
Though his gaze be fix'd on it vacantly :
His thoughts are far, where the dark boughs wave
O'er the silent rest of his Mary's grave.
He starts, and brushes away the tear ;
For the soft small voices are in his ear,
Of the bright-hair'd angels his Mary left
To comfort her lonely and long bereft.
With a gush of sorrow he turns to press
His little ones close with a fond caress,
And they sigh—oh ! not because Mary sleeps,
For *she* is forgotten—but that HE weeps.
Yes ! she is forgotten—the patient love,
The tenderness of that meek-eyed dove,
The voice that rose on the evening air
To bid them kneel to the God of prayer,
The joyous tones that greeted them, when
After a while she came again—
The pressure soft of her rose-leaf cheek—
The touch of her hand, as white and weak
She laid it low on each shining head,
And bless'd the sons of the early dead :
All is forgotten—all past away
Like the fading close of a summer's day :

Or the sound of her voice (though they scarce can tell
Whose voice it was, that they loved so well)
Comes with their laughter, a short sweet dream—
As the breeze blows over the gentle stream,
Rippling a moment its quiet breast,
And leaving it then to its sunny rest.
But *he*!—oh! deep in his inmost soul,
Which hath drunk to the dregs of sorrow's bowl—
Her look—and her smile—the lightest word
Of the musical voice he so often heard,
And never may hear on earth again,
Though he love it more than he loved it then—
Are buried—to rise at times unbid
And force hot tears to the burning lid :
The mother that bore her may learn to forget,
But *he* will remember and weep for her yet !
Oh ! while the heart where her head hath lain
In its hours of joy, in its sighs of pain ;
While the hand which so oft hath been clasp'd in hers
In the twilight hour, when nothing stirs—
Beat with the deep, full pulse of life—
Can he forget his gentle wife ?
Many may love him, and he in truth
May love ; but not with the love of his youth :
Ever amid his joy will come
A stealing sigh for that long-loved home,

And *her* step and *her* voice will go gliding by
In the desolate halls of his memory !

“ I saw a father weeping, when the last
Of all his dear ones from his sight had past—
The young lamb, in his solitary fold,
Who should have buried *him*, for he was old.
Silently she had pass'd away from earth,
Beloved by none but him who gave her birth :
And now he sat, with haggard look and wild,
By the lone tomb of his forgotten child:—

‘ None remember thee ! thou whose heart
Pour'd love on all around.
Thy name no anguish can impart—
'Tis a forgotten sound.
Thine old companions pass me by
With a cold bright smile, and a vacant eye—
And none remember thee
Save me.

‘ None remember thee ! thou wert not
Beauteous as some things are ;
No glory beam'd upon thy lot,
My pale and quiet star.
Like a winter bud that too soon hath burst,
Thy cheek was fading from the first—

And none remember thee

Save me !

‘ None remember thee ! they could spy
 Nought, when they gazed on *thee*,
 But thy soul’s deep love in thy quiet eye—
 It hath pass’d from their memory.
 The gifts of genius were not thine
 Proudly before the world to shine—
 And none remember thee
 Save me !

‘ None remember thee ! now thou ’rt gone,
 Or they could not choose but weep,—
 When they think of thee, my gentle one,
 In thy long and lonely sleep.
 Fain would I murmur thy name, and tell
 How fondly together we used to dwell—
 But none remember thee
 Save *me !*

“ I saw a husband, and a guilty wife,
 Who once made all the sunshine of his life,
 Kneeling upon the threshold of her home,
 Where heavily her weary feet had come :
 A faded form, a humble brow, are hers—
 The livery which sinful sorrow wears ;

While with deep agony she lifts her eyes,
And prays him to forgive her, ere she dies !
Long days—long days swell in his broken heart,
When death had seem'd less bitter than to part—
When in her innocence her hush'd lip spoke
The faint confession of the love he woke ;
And the first kiss on that pure cheek impress'd,
Made her shrink, trembling, from his faithful breast.
And after years when her light footstep made
Most precious music—when in sun or shade
She was the same bright, happy, loving thing—
Low at his feet she now lies withering !
His half-stretch'd hand already bids her be
Forgiven and at peace—his kindly eye
Is turn'd on her through tears, to think that she,
His purely-loved, should bide such agony.
Already on his tongue the quivering word
Of comfort trembles, though as yet unheard ;
Already he hath bent o'er that pale face :
Why starts he, groaning, from her wild embrace ?
Oh ! as she clasp'd his knees, her full heart woke
To all its tenderness—a murmur broke
Forth from her lip ; the cherish'd name of one
Whose image dwelt when purity was gone,
Secure amid the ruins of lost things,
Filling her soul with soft imaginings,

Like a lone flower within the moss-grown halls
Where echo vainly unto echo calls.

Deep wrath, and agony, and vain despair,
Are painted on his brow who hears her prayer.

‘ Breathe not her name—it is a sound
Of fearfulness and dread.

Seest thou no trace of tears around ?

Yet have salt tears been shed !

Thy babe who nestled at thy breast,

And laugh’d upon thy knee ;

That creature of the quiet rest,

Thy child——was too like *thee* !

The careless fawn that lightly springs—

The rosebud in the dew—

The fair of nature’s fairy things—

Like them thy daughter grew.

And then she left her father’s side,

Not, woman ! as a happy bride,

With a tearful smile, half sad, half meek ;

The flush of guilt was on her cheek :

And in the desert wilds I sought—

And in the haunts of men.

Woman ! what *thou* hast felt is naught

To what I suffer’d then.

I thought that—but it may not be—

I thought I *could* have pardon’d thee ;

But when I dream of *her*, and think
 Thy steps led on to ruin's brink—
 Oh she is gone, and thou art here
 Where ye *both* were of yore—
 To mock with late-repentant tear
 Hopes which may come no more !
 Hadst thou, frail wretch, been by her still,
 To shield her gentle head from ill—
 To do thy mother's part—but go—
 I will not curse thee, in my woe :
 Only, depart !—and haply when
 Lonely and left I die,
 Thy pardon'd form shall rise again
 And claim one parting sigh !'

He closed on her the portal of her home,
 Where never more her weary feet may come—
 And their wrung hearts are sever'd till that day
 When God shall hear, and judge the things of clay.

" I saw the parricide raving stand,
 With a rolling eye, and a bloody hand ;
 Through his thick chill veins the curdling stream
 Flows dark and languid. No sunny beam
 Can wake the deep pulse of his heart to joy,
 Since he raised his murderous hand to destroy.

By day, by night, no pause is given
Of hope to the soul accursed by Heaven.
Through the riotous feast ; through his own dull groans ;
Through the musical sound of his loved one's tones ;
Through the whispering breath of the evening air,
Faulters the old man's dying prayer.
Few were the words he spoke as he sank ;
And the greedy poniard his life-blood drank :
' Spare me, my son, I will yield thee all.'
Oh, what would the murderer give to recall
One murmuring sigh to that silent tongue,
 Which in infancy sought his ear to please ;
One pulse of life, to the hands that clung
 Feebly and tremblingly round his knees !
In vain ! he hath won the gold he sought ;
And the burning agony of thought
Shall haunt him still, till he lays his head
With a shuddering groan on his dying bed !

" I saw a young head bow'd in its deep woe,
Ev'n unto death ; and sad, and faint, and slow,
As she sat lonely in her hall of tears,
Her lips address'd some shade of other years :
 ' Oh ! dear to the eyes that are weeping
 Was thy form, my lost love :

Though the heart where thine image is sleeping
 Its truth might not prove.

I have wept and turn'd from thee, for fear thou shouldst
 trace

All the love that I bore thee, deep writ on my face.

But oh ! could we once more be meeting,

As *then*, love, we met :

Could I feel that fond heart of thine beating,

Close, close, to mine yet :

I would cling to thee, dearest, nor fear, thou shouldst
 guess

How deeply thy welcome had power to bless.

Oh ! tis not for a day, or an hour,

I part from thee now,

To weep and shake off, like a flower,

The tears from my brow :

'Tis to sit dreaming idly of days that are gone,

And start up to remember—that I am *alone*.

They say that my heart hath recover'd

The deep bitter blow ;

That the cloud which for long days hath hover'd,

Is gone from my brow ;

That my eyes do not weep, and my lips wear a smile ;

It is true—but I do not forget *thee* the while.

Oh, they know not, amidst all my gladness,

Thy shadow is there :

They feel not the deep thrill of sadness,
Nor the soul's lone despair.

They see not the sudden quick pang, when thy name
Is carelessly utter'd, to praise or to blame !

If to gaze on each long-treasured token
Till bitter tears flow,
And to wonder my heart is not broken
By the weight of its woe :

To join in the world's loud and 'wilderling din,
While a passionate feeling is choking within :

If to yearn, in the arms that once bound thee,
To lean down my head ;
With the dear ones who used to come round thee,
Salt tear-drops to shed :

If to list to the voice that is like thine, in vain ;
And feel its dim echo ring wild through my brain :

If to dream there were pleasure in meeting.

Those who once were with *thee* :

To murmur a sad farewell greeting,
Then sink on my knee ;

With my straining hands clasp'd to the Heavens in prayer,
And my choked bosom heaving with grief and despair :

If to sit and to think of thee only,

While they laugh round the hearth ;

And feel my full heart grow more lonely

At the sound of their mirth :—

If *this* be forgetting thee, dear one and good—
Forget thee—forget thee—Oh God! that I *could!*'

“ I saw the child of parents poor,
Dreaming with pain of her cottage door ;
Which she left for the splendour which may not cheer—
Pomp hath not power to dry one tear.
The palace—the sunshine—what are they to her
'Mid the heart's full throb, and the bosom's stir ?
The picture that rises bedimm'd with tears,
Is an aged woman, bow'd down by years ;
Sitting *alone* in her evening's close,
And feebly weeping for many woes.
Her thin hands are weaving the endless thread,
Her faded eyes gaze where her daughter fled,
O'er the moss-grown copse and the wooded hill :
' Oh ! would that I were with my mother still !
That I were with her who rear'd me up—
(And I fill'd to the brim her sorrow's cup)—
That I were with her who taught me to pray
At the morning's dawn and the close of day—
That I were with her whose harshest look
Was half of sorrow and half rebuke.
Oh ! the depth of my sin I never could see,
But I feel it *now*, with the babe on my knee.' ”

The high proud gaze of her scornful eye
Is quench'd with the tears for days gone by ;
And her little one starts from its broken rest,
Woke by the sobs of that heaving breast.
She gazes with fear on its undimm'd brow—
What are the thoughts that lurk below ?
Perchance, like her own, the day will come
When its name shall be hush'd in its parent home ;
When the hearts that cherish its lightest tone,
Shall wish that the sound from earth were gone.
Perchance it is doom'd to an early grave,
Or a struggling death on the stormy wave ;
Or the fair little dimpled hand that clings
So fast in her soft hair's shining rings,
May be dark with the blood of his fellow-men,
And the clanking chain hang round it then.
Haply, forgetting her patient care,
The young, bright creature slumbering there,
Shall forsake her—as *she* hath forsaken *them*—
For a heavy heart and a diadem !
She clasps it strong with a burning kiss—
' Oh God ! in thy mercy, spare me *this*.'

“ I saw a widow, by her cherish'd son,
Ere all of light, and life, and hope, was gone—

When the last dying glance was faintly raised,
Ere death with withering power the brightness glazed
Of those deep heavenly eyes : a glance which seem'd
To ask her, if the world where he had dream'd
Such dreams of happiness with her, must be
Forsaken in the spring-tide of his glee :
If he indeed must *die*. I saw her take
His hand, and gaze, as if her heart would break,
On his pale brow and languid limbs of grace,
And wipe the death-dew gently from his face.
I saw her after, when the unconscious clay,
Deaf to her wild appeals, all mutely lay,
With brow upturn'd, and parted lips, whose hue
Was scarce more pale than hers, who met my view.
She stood, and wept not in her deep despair,
But press'd her lips upon his shining hair
With a long bitter kiss, and then with grief—
Like hers of old, who pray'd and found relief— (')
She groan'd to God, and watch'd to see him stir,
But, ah ! no prophet came, to raise him up for *her* !

“ I saw the orphan go forth in dread
Through the pitiless world, and turn to gaze
Once more on the dark and narrow bed
Where sleep the authors of her days.

Well may she weep them, for never more,
 After she turns from that cottage door,
 Will her young heart beat to a kindly word,
 Such as in early days she heard :
 Or her young eye shine, as she hastens her pace
 To bask in the light of a loved one's face.

Her lot is cast ;

Her hope is past ;

The careless, the cold, and the cruel may come
 To gaze on the orphan, and pass her by :
 But a word, or a sound, or a look of home—
 For *them* she must bow her head, and die !

“ I saw the dark and city-clouded spot,
 Where, by his busy patrons all forgot,
 The young sad poet dreams of better days,
 And gives his genius forth in darken'd rays.
 Chill o'er his soul, gaunt poverty hath thrown
 Her veil of shadows, as he sighs alone ;
 And, withering up the springs and streams of youth,
 Left him to feel misfortune's bitter truth,
 And own with deep, impassion'd bitterness,
 Who would describe—must faintly feel, distress.
 Slowly he wanders, with a languid pace,
 To the small window of his hiding-place ;

Pressing with straining force, all vainly now,
His hot, weak fingers on his throbbing brow ;
And seeking for bright thoughts, which care and pain
Have driven from his dim and 'wilder'd brain.
He breathes a moment that unclouded air,
And gazes on the face of nature there—
Longing for fresh wild flowers and verdant fields,
And all the joys the open sunshine yields :
Then turning, he doth rest his heavy eye
Where his torn papers in confusion lie,
And raves awhile, and seats himself again,
To toil and strive for thoughts and words, in vain :
Till he can bid his drooping fancy feel,
And barter genius, for a scanty meal !

“ I've been where fell disease a war hath waged
Against young joy,—where pestilence hath raged,
And beauty hath departed from the earth
With none to weep her.—I have seen the birth
Of the lorn infant, greeted but with tears,
And dim forebodings, and remorseful fears,
When to the weary one the grave would show
Less dreadful than a long long life of woe.
I've been in prisons, where in lone despair,
Barr'd from God's precious gifts, the sun and air,

The debtor pines, who, for a little gold,
His fellow man in iron chains would hold :
There have I seen the bright inquiring eye
Fade into dull and listless vacancy ;
There have I seen the meek grow stern and wild ;
And the strong man sit weeping like a child ;
Till God's poor tortured creatures in their heart
Were fain to curse their Maker, and depart. (2)
All have I seen—and I have watch'd apart
The fruitless struggles of a breaking heart,
Bruised, crush'd, and wounded by the spoiler's power,
And left to wither like a trodden flower ;
Till I have learnt with ease each thought to trace
That flush'd across the fair and fading face,
And known the source of tears, which day by day
Weakness hath shed, and pride hath brush'd away.

“ It was in Erin—in the autumn time,
By the broad Shannon's banks of beauty roaming ;
I saw a scene of mingled woe and crime—
Oh ! ev'n to *my* sear'd eyes the tears seem'd coming !
It was a mother standing gaunt and wild,
Working her soul to murder her young child,
Who lay unconscious in its soft repose
Upon the breast, that heaved with many woes.

She stood beside the waters, but her eyes
Were not upon the river, nor the skies,
Nor on the fading things of earth. Her soul
Was rapt in bitterness—and evening stole
Chill o'er her form, while yet with nerveless hand
She sought to throw her burden from the land.
'Twas pitiful to see her strive in vain,
Rise sternly up, then melt to love again ;
With horrible energy, and lip compress'd,
Hold forth her child—then strain it to her breast
Convulsively ; as if some gentle thought
Of all its helpless beauty first was brought
Into her 'wilder'd mind—the soft faint smiles,
Whose charm the mother of her tears beguiles,
Which speak not aught of mirth or merriment,
But of full confidence, and deep content,
And ignorance of woe :—the murmur'd sounds
Which were to her a language, rise up now—
And, like a torrent bursting from its bounds,
Swell in her heart, and shoot across her brow.
Oh ! she who plans its death in her despair,
Hath tended it with fond and watchful care ;
Hath borne it wearily for many a mile,
Repaid with one fond glance, or gentle smile :
Hath watch'd through long dark nights with patient love,
When some light sickness struck her nestling dove ;

And yearn'd to bear its pain, when that meek eye
 Turn'd on her, with appealing agony !
 Look on her now !—that faint and feverish start
 Hath waken'd all the mother in her heart :
 That feeble cry hath thrill'd her very frame :—
 Was it for *murder* such a soft heart came ?
 She will not do it—Fool ! the spirit there
 Is stronger far than love—it is despair !
 Mothers alone may read that mother's woe :
 Her heart may break—but she will strike the blow.
 Once more she pauses ; bending o'er its face,
 Calm and unconscious in its timid grace ;
 Then murmurs to it by the chilly wave,
 Ere one strong effort dooms it to the grave :—

' Thou of the sinless breast !
 Which passion hath not heaved, nor dark remorse
 Swell'd with its full and agonizing curse—
 Lo ! thou art come to rest !

' Warm is thy guileless heart,
 Whose slight quick pulses soon shall beat no more :
 Hear'st thou the strong trees rock ?—the loud winds roar ?
 I and my child must part !

‘ Deep ’neath the sullen sky,
And the dark waters which do boil and foam,
Greedy to take thee to their silent home—
My little one must lie !

‘ Peace to thy harmless soul !
There *is* a heaven where thou mayst dwell in peace ;
Where the dark howling of the waters cease,
Which o’er thy young head roll.

‘ There, in the blue still night,
Thou’lt watch, where stars are gleaming from the sky,
O’er the dark spot where thou wert doom’d to die,
And smile, a cherub bright.’

“ A plash upon the waves—a low
Half-stifled sob, which seem’d as though
The choked breath fought against the stream—
And all was silent as a dream.
Then rose the shriek that might not stay,
Though much that soul had braved ;
And ere its echo died away,
Her little one was saved.

Sudden I plunged, and panting caught
The bright and floating hair,
Which on the waters lustre brought,
As if 'twere sunshine there.

I stood beside that form of want and sin,
That miserable woman in her tears ;
Who wept, as though she had not cast it in
To perish with the sorrows of past years.
She thank'd me with a bitter thankfulness,
And thus I spoke : ' Oh ! woman, if it is
Sickness and poverty, and lone distress,
That prompted thee to do a deed like this,
Take gold, and wander forth, and let me be
A parent to the child renounced by thee !'
Greeditly did she gaze upon the gold,
With a wild avarice in her hollow eye ;
And stretch'd her thin damp fingers, clammy cold,
To seize the glittering ore with ecstasy.
But when I claim'd the little helpless thing,
For whose young life that gold had paid the worth ;
Close to the breast where it lay shivering,
She strain'd it gaspingly, and then burst forth :—

' I would have slain it ! Fool ! 'tis true I would ;
Because I saw it pine, and had no food :

Because I could not bear its faint frail cry,
Which told my brain such tales of agony :
Because its dumb petitioning glances said,
Am I thy child ? and canst not give me bread ?
Because, while faint and droopingly it lay
Within my failing arms from day to day,
The tigress rose within my soul—I could
Have slain a man, and bid it lap his blood !
My little one !—my uncomplaining child !
Whose lengthen'd misery drove thy mother wild,
Did they believe that aught *but* death could part
These nestling limbs from her poor tortured heart ?—
No ! had the slimy waters gurgled o'er
Thy corpse, and wash'd the slippery reed-grown shore,
Leaving no trace, except in my despair,
Of what had once disturb'd the stillness there—
I could have gazed upon it, and not wept ;
For calmly then my little one had slept.
No nightly moans would then have wrung my soul ;
No daylight withering bid the tear-drop roll.
In my dark hours of misery and want,
The memory of thy pallid face might haunt,
Not, not to wring my heart with vain regret,
But to remind what thou hadst suffer'd yet,
If from life's wretchedness I had not freed
Thy grateful soul, which thank'd me for the deed.

I lost thee—but I have thee here again,
Close to the heart which now can feel no pain.
Cling to me!—let me feel that velvet cheek—
Look at me, with those eyes so dove-like meek!
Press thy pale lips to mine, and let me be
Repaid for all I have endured for thee.
Part from thee!—never! while this arm hath strength
 To hold thee to the bosom where thou liest:
Praise be to God, bright days have dawn'd at length!
 I need not watch thy struggles as thou diest.
Part from thee! never—no, my pale sweet flower!
 The wealth of worlds would bribe my heart in vain,
Though 'twere to give thee up for one short hour—
 Take back thy gold—I have my babe again!
Yet give me food, and I will clasp thy knees,
 And night and day will kneel for thee to Heaven;
Else will a lingering death of slow disease,
 Or famine gaunt, be all that thou hast given.
And when I die— then, *then* be kind'—She ceased:
 Her parted lips were tinged with crimson gore,
Her faint hand half, and only half, released
 The unconscious form she had been weeping o'er:
Worn nature could not bear the sudden strife;
I look'd upon her—but there was no life!

“ That little outcast grew a fairy girl,

A beautiful, a most beloved one.

There was a charm in every separate curl

Whose rings of jet hung glistening in the sun,

Which warm'd her marble brow. There was a grace

Peculiar to herself, ev'n from the first :

Shadows and thoughtfulness you seem'd to trace

Upon that brow, and then a sudden burst

Of sunniness and laughter sparkled out,

And spread their rays of joyfulness about.

Like the wild music of her native land,

Which wakes to joy beneath the minstrel's hand,

Yet at its close gives forth a lingering tone—

Sad, as if mourning that its mirth is gone,

And leaves that note to dwell within your heart,

When all the sounds of joyfulness depart :

So in her heart's full chords there seem'd to be

A strange and wild, but lovely melody :

Half grief—half gladness—but the sadness still

Hanging like shadows on a summer rill.

And when her soul from its deep silence woke,

And from her lip sweet note of answer broke,

Memory in vain would seek the smile that play'd

With her slow words, like one beam in the shade ;

Her sorrow hung upon your heart for years—

And all her sweet smiles darken'd into tears.

I loved her, as a father loves his child :
For she was dutiful, and fond, and mild,
As children should be—and she ripen'd on
Like a young rosebud opening to the sun ;
Till the full light of womanhood was shed,
Like a soft glory, round about her head.
In all my wanderings, through good and ill,
In storm and sunshine, she was with me still :
Not like a cold sad shadow, forced to glide
Weary—unloved—unnoticed, by my side :
But with her whole heart's worship, ever near,
To love, to smile, to comfort, and to cheer.
Her gentle soul would fear to hurt a worm ;
Yet danger found her unappall'd and firm :
Her lip might blanch, but her unalter'd eye
Said, I am ready for thy sake to die.
She stood by me and fear'd not, in that place
When the scared remnant of my wretched race
Gave England's Richard gifts, to let them be (3)
All unmolested in their misery :
And while their jewels sparkled on his hand,
His traitor lips gave forth the dark command
Which, midst a drunken nation's loud carouse,
Sent unexpected death from house to house,
Bade strong arms strike, where none their force withstood,
And woman's wail be quench'd in woman's blood.

She stood by me and fear'd not, when again,
A bloody death cut short a life of pain ;
When, with red glaring eyes and desperate force,
Brother laid brother low, a prostrate corse, (4)
Rather than yield their bodies up to those,
In word, in act, and in religion—foes.
She gazed and fainted not, while all around
They lay like slaughter'd cattle on the ground ;
With the wide gash in each extended throat,
Calling for vengeance to the God who smote
On Israel's side, ere Israel fell away,
And in her guilt was made the stranger's prey.

“ And after that, we dwelt in many lands,
And wander'd through the desert's burning sands ;
Where, strange to say, young Miriam sigh'd to be :
Where nature lay stretch'd out so silently
Beneath the glorious sun, and here and there
The fountains bubbled up, as fresh and fair
As if the earth were fill'd with them, and none
In their last agonizing thirst sank down,
With eyes turn'd sadly to far distant dreams
Of unseen gushing waters, and cool streams.

“ There is a little island all alone

In the blue Mediterranean ; and we went
Where never yet a human foot had gone,
And dwelt there, and young Miriam was content.
There was a natural fountain, where no ray
Of light or warmth had ever found its way,
Thick clustered o’er with flowers ; and there she made
A bower of deep retirement and shade ;
And proud she was, when, rosy with the glow
Of triumph and exertion, she could show
Her palace of green leaves,—and watch my eyes
For the expected glance of pleased surprise.
Oh ! she was beautiful!—if ever earth
To aught of breathing loveliness gave birth.

“ One evening—one sweet evening, as we stood,
Silently gazing on the silent flood :

A sudden thought rose swelling in my heart :
Ought my sweet Miriam thus to dwell apart
From human kind ? So good, so pure, so bright,
So form’d to be a fervent heart’s delight ;
Was she to waste the power and will to bless
In ministering to my loneliness ?
And then a moment’s glance took in her life—
I saw my Miriam a blessed wife ;

I saw her with fair children round her knee,
I heard their voices in that home of glee,
And turn'd to gaze on her :—if ever yet,
Turning with shadowy hope, and vain regret,
And consciousness of secret guilt or woe,
Thine eyes have rested on the open brow
Of sinless childhood—thou hast known what I
Felt, when my glance met Miriam's cloudless eye.
Oh ! Thought, thou mould where misery is cast—
Thou joiner of the present with the past—
Eternal torturer ! wherefore can we not
Through all our life be careless of our lot
As in our early years ?—No cares to come
Threw their vain shadow o'er *her* bosom's home ;
No bitter sorrow, with its vain recall,
Poison'd her hope—the present hour was all.
I gazed on her—and as a slow smile broke
 Of meek affection round her rosy mouth,
I thought the simple words my heart would choke,
 ' Would Miriam weep to leave the sunny south ?'
Silent she stood—then, in a tone scarce heard,
Faulter'd forth, ' father !' Oh ! it wrung, that word ;
And snatching her with haste unto my breast,
Where in her childhood's hour of sunny rest
Calmly her innocent head had often slept,
With a strange sense of misery—I wept.

“ Oh ! weary days, oh ! weary days,
Of flattery and empty praise,
When in the tainted haunts of men
My Miriam was brought again.
With vacant gaze and gentle sigh,
She turned her from them mournfully ;
As if she rather felt, than saw,
That they were near :—they scarce could draw
A word of answer from her tongue,
Where once such merry music rung,
Save when the island was their theme—
And then, as waking from a dream,
Her soft eye lighted for a while,
And round her mouth a playful smile
Stole for a moment, and then fled,
As if the hope within were dead.
Where'er I gazed, where'er I went,
Her earnest look was on me bent
Stealthily, as she wish'd to trace
Her term of exile on my face.
And many sought her hand in vain.
With pleading voice, and look of pain.
Weepingly she would turn away
When I besought her to be gay ;
And resolutely firm, withstood
The noble and the great of blood ;

Though they woo'd humbly, as they woo
 Who scarcely hope for what they sue.
 Oh! glad was Miriam, when at last
 I deem'd our term of absence past:
 And as her light foot quickly sprang
 From out our bark, 'twas thus she sang:—

'The world! the sunny world! I love
 To roam untired, till evening throws
 Sweet shadows through the pleasant grove,
 And bees are murmuring on the rose.
 I love to see the changeful flowers
 Lie blushing in the glowing day—
 Bend down their heads to 'scape the showers,
 Then shake the chilly drops away.

'The world! the sunny world! oh bright
 And beautiful indeed thou art—
 The brilliant day, the dark-blue night,
 Bring joy—but not to every heart.
 No! till, like flowers, those hearts can fling
 Grief's drops from off their folded leaves,
 'Twill only smile in hope's bright spring,
 And darken when the spirit grieves.'

“ She was return’d ; but yet she grew not glad ;
Her cheek wore not the freshness which it had,
The withering of the world, like the wild storm
Over a tender blossom, left her form
With traces of the havoc that had been,
Ev’n in the sunny calm, and placid scene.
Her brow was darken’d with a gentle cloud ;
Her step was slower, and her laugh less loud ;
And oft her sweet voice falter’d, though she said
Nothing in which deep meaning could be read.
I watch’d her gestures when she saw me not,
And once—(oh ! will that evening be forgot ?)
I stole upon her, when she little thought
Aught but the moaning wind her whispers caught.

“ She sat within her bower, where the sun
Linger’d, as loth to think his task was done :
And languidly she raised her heavy gaze,
To meet the splendour of his parting rays.
O’er the smooth cheek which rested on her hand ;
Down the rich curls by evening breezes fann’d ;
Upon the full red lip, and rounded arm,
The swan-like neck, so snowy, yet so warm—
Each charm the rosy light was wandering o’er,
Brightening what seem’d all-beautiful before.

I paused a moment, gazing yet unseen
Beneath the sleeping shadows dark and green ;
And thought, how strange that one so form'd to bless
Should better love to live in loneliness.
Pure, but not passionless, was that soft brow
So warmly gilded by the sunset now ;
And in her glistening eye there shone a tear,
Like those we shed when dreaming—for some dear
But lost illusion, which returns awhile
Our nights to brighten with remember'd smile,
And yet we *feel* is lost, though sleep, strong sleep,
Chains the swoln lid, that fain would wake and weep.
I sat me down beside her ; round the zone
That clasp'd her slender waist my arm was thrown :
And the bright ringlets of her shining hair
My fond hand parted on her forehead fair ;
And thus I spoke, as with a smile and sigh
She murmur'd forth a welcome timidly :
' Again within the desert and at rest,
Say, does my Miriam find herself more blest,
Than when gay throngs in fond devotion hung
Upon the sportive accents of her tongue ?
Is all which made the city seem so gay,
The song, the dance, all dream-like pass'd away ?
The sighs, the vows, the worshipping forgot ?
And art thou happier in this lonely spot ?

Is there no form, all vision-like enshrined
 Deep 'mid the treasures of thy guileless mind?
 And, deaf to every pure and faithful sigh,
 Say, would my desert rose-bud lonely die?
 High, 'neath the arm which carelessly caress'd,
 Rose the quick beatings of that gentle breast;
 And the slight pulses of her fair young hand,
 Which lay so stirringly within my own,
 Trembled and stopp'd, and trembled, as I scann'd
 The flushing cheek on which my glance was thrown.
 'She loves,' said I; while selfish bitter grief
 Swell'd in my soul;—'she loves, and I must live
 Alone again, more wretched for the brief
 Bright sunshine which her presence used to give.'
 And then with sadden'd tones, (which, though I strove
 To make them playful, tremulously came)
 I murmur'd: 'Yes! he lives, whom thou *canst* love.
 His name, dear Miriam—whisper me his name.'
 There was a pause, and audibly she drew
 Her heaving breath; and faint and fainter grew
 The hand that lay in mine; and o'er her brow
 Flush'd shadows chased each other to and fro:
 Till like a scorch'd-up flower, with languid grace
 That young head droop'd, but sought no resting-place.

“ Dreams pass'd across my soul—dreams of old days—
Of forms which in the quiet grave lay sleeping ;
Of eyes which death had stripp'd of all their rays,
And weary life had quench'd with bitter weeping :
Dreams of the days when, human still, my *heart*
Refused to feel immortal, and kept clinging
To transient joys, which came and did depart
As fresh flowers wither, which young hands are fling-
ing.

Dreams of the days I loved, and was beloved—
When some young heart for *me* its sighs was giving,
And fond lips murmur'd forth the vow that proved
Its truth in death, its tenderness when living :
And dreaming thus, I sigh'd. Answering, there came
A deep, low, tremulous sob, which thrill'd my frame.
A moment, that young form shrunk back abash'd
At its own feelings ; and all vainly dash'd
The tear aside, which speedily return'd
To quench the cheek where fleeting blushes burn'd.
A moment, while I sought her fears to stay,
The timid girl in silence shrank away—
A moment, from my grasp her hand withdrew—
A moment, hid her features from my view—
Then rising, sank with tears upon my breast,
Her struggles and her love at once confess'd.

“ Years—sorrow—death—the hopes that leave me lone,
 All I have suffer’d, and must suffer on ;
 The love of other bright things which may pass
 In half eclipse, beyond the darken’d glass (^s)
 Through which my tearful soul hath learnt to gaze—
 The fond delusions of all future days :—
 All that this world can bring, hath not the power
 To blot from memory that delicious hour.
 She, who I thought would leave me desolate—
 For whom I brooded o’er a future fate ;
 She, who had wander’d through each sunny land,
 Yet found no heart that could her love command—
She lay within my arms, my own—my own—
 Unsought, unwoo’d, but oh ! too surely won.

“ She was not one of many words and vows,
 And breathings of her love, and eager shows
 Of warm affection ;—in her quiet eye,
 Which gazed on all she worshipp’d silently,
 There dwelt deep confidence in what she loved,
 And nothing more—till some slight action proved
 My ceaseless thought of her : *then* her heart woke,
 And fervent feeling like a sunrise broke
 O’er her illumined face. Her love for me
 Was pure and deep, and hidden as the fount

Which floweth 'neath our footsteps gushingly,
And of whose wanderings none may take account ;
And like those waters, when the fountain burst
To light and sunshine, which lay dark at first,
Quietly deep, it still kept flowing on—
Not the less pure for being look'd upon.

“ And then she loved all things, and all loved her.
Each sound that mingleth in the busy stir
Of nature, was to her young bosom rife
With the intelligence of human life.
Edith, my playful Edith, when her heart
Tenderly woke to do its woman's part,
Fill'd with a sentiment so strong and new,
Each childish passion from her mind withdrew,
And looking round upon the world beheld
Her Isbal only. By deep sorrow quell'd,
Xarifa's was a melancholy love.
The plashing waters, the blue sky above,
The echo speaking from the distant hill,
The murmurs indistinct which sweetly fill
The evening air—all had for her a tone
Of mournful music—and I stood alone
The one thing that could bid her heart rejoice
With the deep comfort of a human voice.

Not so, young Miriam. Love, within *her* breast,
Had been a welcome and familiar guest
Ev'n from her childhood :—I was link'd with all
The sunny things that to her lot might fall ;
The past—the present—and the future, were
Replete with joys in which I had my share.
Nothing had been, or ever could be, felt
Singly, within the heart where such love dwelt—
Her birds, her trees, her favourite walks, her flowers,
She knew them not as hers—they were all *ours*.
And thus she loved in her imaginings
Our earth, and all its dumb and living things ;
Oft whispering in her momentary glee,
It was the world I dwelt in ; part of *me* :
And, bound by a sweet charm she might not break,
She look'd upon that world, and loved it for my sake.

“ How shall I tell it ? Linda, a dark pain
Is in my heart, and in my burning brain.—
Where is she ?—where is Miriam ?—who art thou ?
Oh ! wipe the death-dew from her pallid brow ;
I dare not touch her ! See, how still she lies,
Closing in weakness her averted eyes :
Gaspingly struggling for her gentle breath—
And stretching out her quivering limbs in death !

Will no one save her? Fool!—the shadow there
Is the creation of thine own despair.
No love, no agony, is in *her* heart:
In sin, in suffering, *she* hath now no part.
She is gone from thee—sooner doom'd to go
Than Nature meant; but *thou* didst will it so.

“ Oh, Linda! the remembrance of that day,
When sad Xarifa's spirit pass'd away,
Haunted me ever with a power that thou,
Who hast not sinn'd or suffer'd, canst not know.
My joys were turn'd to miseries, and wrought
My heart into delirium; I thought
That, as *she* wept, so Miriam would weep,
And start and murmur in her troubled sleep:
That, as *she* doubted, Miriam too would find
A dark suspicion steal across her mind:
That, as *she* faded, Miriam too would fade,
And lose the smile that round her full lips play'd:
That as *she* perish'd—Miriam too would die,
And chide me with her last reproachful sigh.
Often when gazing on her open brow,
And the pure crimson of her soft cheek's glow—
Sudden, a dark unhappy change would seem
To fall upon her features like a dream.

In vain her merry voice, with laughing tone,
Bade the dim shadow from my heart begone :
Pale—pale and sorrowful—she seem'd to rise,
Death on her cheek, and darkness in her eyes ;
The roundness of her form was gone, and care
Had blanch'd the tresses of her glossy hair.
Wan and reproachful, mournfully and mild
Her thin lips moved, and with an effort smiled.
And when with writhing agony I woke
From the delusion, and the dark spell broke ;
And Miriam stood there, smiling brilliantly,
Shuddering, I said, ' And yet these things must be.'
Must be ;—that young confiding heart must shrink
From my caress ; the joyous eyes which drink
Light from the sunshine that doth play within,
Must grovel downcast with a sense of sin ;
Or, startled into consciousness, will gaze
Bewilderingly upon the sunset rays ;
And, meeting mine, with sorrow wild and deep,
Heart and eyes sinking, turn again to weep.
Yes, these things must be : if, when years have pass'd,
Each leaving *her* more fading than the last,
She turns to the companion of her track,
And, while her wandering thoughts roam sadly back,
Seeks in her soul the reason why his form
Laughs at the slow decay or ruffling storm,

That hath wreck'd better things ;—while on her sight,
With the deep horrible glare, and certain light
Of hell to a lost soul, the slow truth breaks ;
Till, as one wounded in his sleep, awakes
To writhe, and shriek, and perish—silently :
Her heart is roused—to comprehend and die.

“ To *die!*—and wherefore should she not depart
Ere doubt hath agonized the trusting heart ?
Wherefore not pass away from earth, ere yet
Its mossy bosom with her tears is wet ?—
It was a summer's morning, when the first
Glance of that dreadful haunting vision burst
Upon my mind :—I doom'd her *then* to die,
For then I pictured to my heart and eye
A world where Miriam was not :—often after,
Amid the joyous ringing of her laughter,
In sunshine and in shade, those thoughts return'd,
Madden'd my brain, and in my bosom burn'd.
Oh, God ! how bitter were those idle hours,
When softly bending o'er her fragrant flowers,
She form'd her innocent plans, and playfully
Spoke of that future which was not to be !
How bitter were her smiles—her perfect love—
Her deep reliance, which no frowns could move,

On the affections of my murderous heart,
Where the thought brooded,—*when* shall she depart ?
As Jephthah gazed upon *her* smiling face,
Who bounded forth to claim his first embrace ;
And felt, with breathless and bewilder'd pause,
Her early death foredoom'd—her love the cause :
As Jephthah struggled with the vow that still
Bound his pain'd soul against his own free will ;
And heard her fond and meekly-worded prayer,
To climb the well-known hills, and wander there,
Weeping to think that in her virgin pride
The beautiful must perish—no man's bride ;
And that her name must die away from earth ;
And that her voice must leave the halls of mirth,
And they be not less mirthful : so to me
It was to gaze on Miriam silently :
Miriam, who loved me ; who, if I had said,
'Lo! thou must perish—bow thy gentle head;'—
Would have repress'd each faint life-longing sigh,
Bared her white bosom, and knelt down to die,
Without a murmur.—So when she upraised
Her quiet eyes, and on my features gazed,
Asking me to come forth and roam with her
Around her favourite haunts, the maddening stir
Of agony and vain resolve would rend
My bosom, and to earth my proud head bend.

It seem'd to me as if that gentle prayer
She breathed—to bid farewell to all *her* share
Of life and sunshine ; to behold again
The high bright happy hills and outstretch'd plain ;
And then—come back and die. I left that isle,
And Miriam follow'd with a tearful smile,
Glad to be with me, sorrowful to go
From the dear scene of joy and transient woe.
As Eve to Eden—towards that land of rest
She gazed, then turn'd, and wept upon my breast.
To Italy's sweet shores we bent our course ;
And for a while my grief and my remorse,
And all my fearful thoughts, forsook me, when
We mingled in the busy haunts of men.
But oh ! the hour was fix'd—though long delay'd ;
Like the poor felon's doom, which some reprieve hath stay'd.

“ One night a dream disturb'd my frenzied soul.
Methought, to Miriam I confess'd the whole
Of what thou know'st, and watch'd her young glad face,
That on her brow her feelings I might trace.
Methought that, as I gazed, the flushing red
Once more upon her cheek and bosom spread,
As when she told her love ; and then—and then—
(How strongly does that vision rise again !)

Each hue of life by gradual shades withdrew,⁽⁶⁾
Till ev'n her dark blue eyes seem'd fading too.
Paler and paler—whiter and more white—
Gazing upon me in the ghastly light,
Her features grew ; till all at length did seem
Like moving marble, in that sickly dream,
Except the faded eyes ; *they* faintly kept
The hue of life, and look'd on me, and wept.
And still she spoke not, but stood weeping there,
Till I was madden'd with mine own despair—
And woke. She lay beside me, who was soon
To perish by my hand : the pale clear moon
O'er her fair form a marble whiteness threw,
And wild within my heart the madness grew.
I rush'd from out that chamber, and I stood
By the dim waters of the moon-lit flood ;
And in that hour of frantic misery,
I thought my vision told how she would die,
Pining and weeping.—I return'd again,
And gazed upon her with a sickening pain.
Her fair soft arms were flung above her head,
And the deep rose of sleep her cheek was tinging :
The tear which all who follow me must shed,
Slept 'neath the lashes which those orbs were fringing,
And there she lay—so still, so statue-like—
I stagger'd to her—

I lifted up my desperate arm to strike—

Linda—I slew her!

Once—only once—she faintly strove to rise;

Once—only once—she call'd upon my name;

And o'er the dark blue heaven of those eyes,

Death, with its midnight shadows, slowly came.

That tone's despairing echo died away;

The last faint quivering pulsation ceased

To thrill that form of beauty, as it lay

From all the storms and cares of life released:

And I sat by the dead. Fast o'er my soul

A dream of memory's treasured relics stole.

And the day rose before me, and the hour,

When Miriam sat within her own sweet bower,

The red rich sunset lighting on her cheek;

Afraid to trust herself to move or speak,

Conscious and shrinking—while I strove to trace

Her bosom's secret on her guileless face.

I turn'd to press her to my burning heart—

I that had slain her—Wherefore did I start?

Cold, pure, and pale, that glowing cheek was laid,

And motionless each marble limb was lying;

Closed were those eyes which tears of passion shed,

And hush'd the voice that call'd on me in dying.

Gone!—gone!—that frozen bosom never more,

Press'd to mine own, in rapture shall be beating:

Gone!—gone!—her love, her struggles—all was o'er,
Life—weary life, would bring for us no meeting!

They bore her from me, and they laid her low,
With all her beauty, in the cheerless tomb;
And dragg'd me forth, all weak with pain and woe,
Heedless of death, to meet a murderer's doom.
The wheel—the torturing wheel—was placed to tear
Each quivering limb, and wring forth drops of pain;
And they did mock me in my mute despair,
And point to it, and frown—but all in vain.
The hour at length arrived—a bright sweet day
Rose o'er the world of torture, and of crime;
And human blood-hounds and wild birds of prey
Waited with eagerness their feasting time.
And as I gazed, a wild hope sprang within
My feverish breast:—perchance this dreadful death
And my past sufferings might efface my sin;
And I might now resign my weary breath.
And as the blessed thought flash'd o'er my mind,
I gazed around, and smiled.—To die—to die—
Oh little thought those wolves of human kind,
What rapture in that word may sometimes lie!
They stripp'd my unresisting limbs, and bound;
And the huge ponderous engine gave a sound

Like a dull heavy echo of the moans,
 The exhausted cries, the deep and sullen groans,
 Of all its many victims. Through each vein
 Thrill'd the strange sense of swift and certain pain ;
 And each strong muscle from the blood-stain'd rack,
 Conscious of suffering, quiveringly shrank back.
 But I rejoiced—I say I did rejoice :
 And when from the loud multitude a voice
 Cried ' Death ! ' I wildly echoed it, and said
 ' Death ! Death ! oh, lay me soon among the dead.'
 And they did gaze on me with fiendish stare,
 Half curiosity, and half the glare
 Of bloody appetite ; while to and fro,
 Nearer and nearer, wheel'd the carrion crow,
 As seeking where to strike.—A pause, and hark !

The signal sound !

When sudden as a dream, the heavens grew dark

On all around :

And the loud blast came sweeping in its wrath,
 Scattering wide desolation o'er its path :
 And the hoarse thunder struggled on its way ;
 And livid lightning mock'd the darken'd day
 With its faint hellish lights.—They fled, that crowd,
 With fearful shrieks, and cries, and murmurs loud,
 And left me bound. The awful thunder crash'd
 Above my head ; and in my up-turn'd eyes

The gleams of forked fire brightly flash'd,
 Then died along the dark and threatening skies :
 And the wild howling of the fearful wind
 Madden'd my ringing brain ; while, swiftly driven,
 The torrent showers fell all thick and blind,
 Till mingling seem'd the earth and angry heaven.
 A flash—a sound—a shock—and I was free—
 Prostrate beside me lay the shiver'd wheel
 In broken fragments—I groan'd heavily,
 And for a while I ceased to breathe or feel.

“ And I arose again, to know that death
 Was not yet granted—that the feverish hope
 Of yielding up in torture my cursed breath
 Was quench'd for ever ; and the boundless scope
 Of weary life burst on my soul again,
 Like the dim distance of the heaving main
 On some lost mariner's faint failing eyes ;
 Who, fondly dreaming of his native shore,
 (While in his throat the gurgling waters rise)
 Fancies he breathes that welcome air once more,
 And far across the bleak lone billows sees
 Its blue cool rivers, and its shady trees ;
 Till when, upraised a moment by the wave,
 He views the watery waste, and sickening draws

One long last gasping sigh for a green grave,
 Ere helplessly he sinks in Ocean's yawning jaws.

“ Night fell around. The quiet dews were weeping
 Silently on the dark and mournful earth ;
 And Sorrow pale its sleepless watch was keeping,
 And slumber weigh'd the closing lid of mirth ;
 While the full round-orb'd moon look'd calmly down
 From her thin cloud, as from a light-wreathed crown :
 And I went out beneath her silver beams ;
 And through my 'wilder'd brain there pass'd dark dreams
 Of Miriam, and of misery, and death ;
 And of that tomb, and what lay hid beneath :
 And I did lay my head upon that grave,
 Weepingly calling on her gentle name ;
 And to the winds my grieving spirit gave
 In words which half without my knowledge came :—

‘ Thou art gone, with all thy loveliness,
 To the silence of the tomb,
 Where the voice of friends can never bless,
 Nor the cool sweet breezes come ;
 Deep, deep beneath the flowers bright,
 Beneath the dark blue sky,

Which may not send its joyous light
To gladden those who die.

This world to *thee* was not a world of woe :
My bird of beauty ! wherefore didst thou go ?

‘ Thou art gone, and gone for ever—thou
In whom my life was bound :
The seal of death is on thy brow,
And in thy breast a wound:
Who could have slain thee, thou who wert
So helpless and so fair ?
When strong arms rose to do thee hurt,
Why was not Isbal there ?

Didst thou not call upon him in thy woe ?
My bird of beauty ! wherefore didst thou go ?

‘ Thou art gone !—Oh ! fain my heart would rest,
And dream—but thou *art* gone ;
The head that lay upon my breast
Is hid beneath that stone.
And art thou there ? and wilt thou ne’er
Rise up from that dark place,
And, shaking back thy glossy hair,
Laugh gladly in my face ?

This world to *thee* was not a world of woe :
 I loved thee—wherefore, wherefore didst thou go ?

‘ Return, return ! Oh ! if the rack—
 If nature’s death-like strife,
 Borne silently, could bring thee back
 Once more to light, and life :
 Ev’n if those lips that used to wreath
 Smiles that a glory shed,
 Ne’er parted but in scorn, to breathe
 Dark curses on my head :—

Oh ! I could bear it all, nor think it woe :
 My bird of beauty ! wherefore didst thou go ?

‘ Once more—once more—oh ! yet once more !
 If I could see thee stand,
 A breathing creature, as before
 I smote thee with this hand.
 If that dear voice—oh ! must these groans,
 This agony be vain ?
 Will no one lift the ponderous stones,
 And let thee rise again ?

Thou wert not wont in life to work me woe :
 My bird of beauty ! wherefore didst thou go ?’

“ And then I reason’d—Wherefore should the sod
Hold all of her, which hath not gone to God ?
I have the power again that form to see—
I have the wish once more with her to be :
And wherefore should we fear to look upon
What, from our sight, some few short hours is gone ?
Wherefore the thrill our senses which comes o’er
At sight of what shall breathe and feel no more ?
Oh ! Miriam, can there be indeed a place
Where I must dread to look upon thy face ?—
And then I knelt, and desperately did tear
The earth from off that form so young and fair,
And dash’d aside the sods which heavily
Press’d on the bosom which had beat for me.
At length ’twas over ;—at the break of day
The scatter’d fragments round about me lay ;
And we once more were seated side by side—
The half-immortal, and his victim bride !
What the grave yet had had no power to change,
Her long bright locks, these fingers did arrange
As she had worn them in her life’s short spring ;
And the sweet flowers which lay half withering
Upon the turf, I wreathed with pains and care,
And braided them among her glossy hair.
And the rich glow of light burst on mine eyes ;
And the bright morning, with her dark blue skies,

Beam'd on the pale and faded form, that lay
Cold and unconscious in the waking day. —
And forms drew round me, in a busy crowd :
 But though I saw them come, I heeded not,
But call'd on Miriam with upbraidings loud,
 And clung to that beloved and fatal spot.
And rude hands dragg'd me thence. I know not how
 Or where they fetter'd me ; but when I woke
From that night's dream, with cooler pulse and brow,
 Chains hung around me, which might not be broke,
And in a damp deep dungeon I was flung,
 With scarce a gleam of heaven's sweet light to cheer,
And silence round, save when my irons rung,
 Or the stern keeper's foot was drawing near.
And many a weary day and sleepless night,
 I sat unmoved within that wretched cell,
Dreaming confusedly of that last sight,
 The alter'd form of her I loved so well.
' Miriam ! *my* Miriam !'—Such the first faint word
 Which burst my trembling lip with deep low sighs,
Unconscious that the frowning keeper heard,
 And gazed with half-contempt, and half-surprise.
And then I raved, and with a shaking hand
 Traced that dear name upon the dewy clay,
And strove with feeble limbs to rise and stand,
 Greeting the vision'd form that might not stay.

And they did call me mad—oh! such *his* madness (?)

Who having lost what he half fear'd to love,
 Deep from his prison dungeon's gloomy sadness
 Sent forth his spirit by her side to rove,
 And dreamt of love, and Italy's sweet skies,
 And Leonora's proud impassion'd eyes ;
 And from his world of misery gazed afar
 On his own dream, as on a lovely star.

“ And from the earth I imaged forth a form,
 And call'd it Miriam, and would smile to see
 How calmly, amid all my passion's storm,
 Its stedfast rayless eyes still gazed on me.
 And I did love it, with a love beyond
 All that I felt before, except for *her* :
 And call'd to it, till, feverishly fond,
 I thought the clay began to speak and stir.

“ One day I slept—I had not slept for long,
 Long weary days and nights ;—and in my ear
 Rang the sweet notes of Miriam's gentle song,
 Which ev'n in that lone rest I smiled to hear :—

‘ The world—the sunny world !—I love
 To roam untired, till evening throws

Sweet shadows in the pleasant grove ;
 And bees are murmuring on the rose.
 I love to see the changeful flowers
 Lie blushing in the glowing day,
 Bend down their heads to 'scape the showers,
 Then shake the chilly drops away.'

“ I woke and saw my keeper by me stand ;
 And curiously he gazed, with wondering eyes,
 On the form moulded by my frantic hand,
 And sternly bade me from my bed arise.
 Oh ! well my heart foreboded from his brow :
 Methinks I see the dark stern glances now,
 With which he heard my tale, for I did kneel
 And swear each secret feeling to reveal,
 So he would leave my precious Miriam there,
 To comfort Isbal in his lone despair.
 He heard : and o'er that dark and sullen brow
 A smile ev'n darker pass'd ; and he did throw
 That image rudely on the echoing ground,
 And spurn'd in scorn the broken fragments round ;
 And call'd me madman, and the threaten'd scourge
 Shook o'er my fetter'd limbs, his words to urge.
 He left me—madness did not come till *then*
 In spite of all I suffer'd.—Till that hour

I had distinguish'd all, like other men,
Nor sunk beneath misfortune's blasting power.
But then, I felt a circling in my brain ;
A laugh convulsive in my choking breast ;
A starting in each heavy temple vein,
A weight which all my shivering limbs oppress'd.
Through my bewilder'd brain the warm blood rush'd,
From my distended mouth in torrents gush'd ;
And with a low sick sob I sank in pain,
Trusting no more to wake or breathe again.

“ Days, months, and years roll'd on, and I had been
A prisoner a century ; had seen
Change after change among my keepers ; heard
The shrieks of new-made captives, (which oft stirr'd
My heart again to madness) and the groans
Of those whom death released ; the low faint moans
Of the exhausted ; and I yet remain'd
To my dark dungeon, and existence, chain'd.
But wherefore should I struggle thus, to show
The dull monotony of endless woe ?
Suffice it, that it was amongst a race
Then, yet unborn, that I beheld thy face—
Thy angel face, for whom ev'n I would crave
A few years respite from the welcome grave.”

He ceased ; and with a tearless deep despair,
Turn'd to the sad one who sat by him there ;
And neither spoke ;—but o'er his wasted frame
A shaking, as of strong convulsion, came :
And, taking her faint hand between his own,
Quivering he press'd it, with a heavy groan ;
And look'd into her face, as if to read
His fate therein—and bow'd his grief-worn head
Upon his arms awhile ; then started up
To live—or drink the dregs of sorrow's cup.
And she rose too, who had been sitting by,
Gazing upon those dark curls vacantly ;
And once or twice half-bending, as she would
Have press'd her lips on them—though stain'd with blood,
She rose, and when he murmur'd forth his fears—
 “ Is it too horrible ? must I depart ? ”
Look'd up, and with an agony of tears,
 Spread forth her arms, and clasp'd him to her heart.



“THE UNDYING ONE.”

CANTO IV.

"THE UNDYING ONE."

CANTO IV.

'Tis done—the night has pass'd away ;
And, basking in the sunny day,
The laughing fountain's waters bear
No record of each burning tear ;—
The silent echoes give no sound
Of shriek or moan ; and nothing round
Can tell what breaking hearts have been
So lately in that quiet scene.

But ere the evening falls again,
Many a step o'er mount and glen
Shall hurry far and wide, to seek
Her of the pallid brow and cheek.

Proud is the eye of the bridegroom lord !
He hath got him round with a trusty sword,

And the horse that hath borne him to battle for years,
Gladly his angry summons hears.

His red nostrils snuffing the morning air,
Nothing he heeds their heavy care,
But waits till his high curving neck shall be freed,
To bound o'er the hills with an arrow's speed.

He is gone— full swiftly he dashes by—
And many a bright and beautiful eye
Follows the rider's form ;—and dreams
Of pleasant walks by the dancing streams,
Of moonlight whisperings in the grove,
Of looks of ardour, and vows of love,
Fill those young hearts : and they wonder why
Visions so happy should make them sigh :
And more they wonder, that any one
Of the numberless forms their eyes have known,
Should have stolen a heart which Carlos woo'd
By the fount, and the lone wood's solitude.

Oh ! love—*real* love ! intoxicating dream
Of beauty and of happiness ! how vain
Are our aspirings after thee, which seem
To bring thee near us !—doubt and causeless pain,
And jealousies, and most unconstant sighs
For something fairer than this world supplies ;

And fondness which doth end in faint disgust ;
And airy hopes that crumble down to dust ;—
These are not love,—though these too oft impart
A false excitement to the swelling heart.

To look upon the fairy one, who stands
Before you, with her young hair's shining bands,
And rosy lips half parted ;—and to muse,
Not on the features which you now peruse,
Not on the blushing bride,—but look beyond
Unto the aged wife, nor feel less fond :
To feel, that while thy arm can strike them dead,
No breathing soul shall harm that gentle head :
To *know*, that none with fierce and sudden strife
Shall tear thee from her, save with loss of life :
To keep thee but to *one*, and let that one
Be to thy home what warmth is to the sun ;
To gaze, and find no change, when time hath made
Youth's dazzling beauty darken into shade,
But fondly—firmly—cling to her, nor fear
The fading touch of each declining year :—
This is true love, when it hath found a rest
In the deep home of manhood's faithful breast.

To worship silently at some heart's shrine,
And feel, but paint not, all its fire in thine :
To pray for that heart's hopes, when thine are gone,
Nor let its after coldness chill thine own :
To hold that one, with every fault, more dear
Than all who whisper fondness in thine ear :
To joy thee in his joy, and silently
Meet the upbraiding of his angry eye :
To bear unshrinking all the blows of fate,
Save that which leaves thy sorrow desolate :
Nor deem *that* woe, which thou canst feel is still
Borne with him, and for him ; through every ill
To smile on him,—nor weep, save when apart,
God, and God only, looks into thy heart :
To keep unchanged thy calm, pure, quiet love,
If he, inconstant, doth a new one prove ;
To love all round him as a part of him,
Ev'n her he worships :—though thine eye be dim
With weeping for thyself—to pray that not
One cloud may darken o'er *their* earthly lot :
With the affection of true hearts, to see
His happiness, which doth not hang on thee :—
Oh ! this is woman's love—its joy—its pain ;
And this—it hath been felt—and felt in vain.

They are dancing again, by the misty veil
 Of the star-lit sky and the moonlight pale.
 Laughing and murmuring voices rise
 With their gladsome tones, to the peaceful skies :
 And no one voice hath a sadder tone
 For the sake of her whose form is gone,
 Though her step was light in the dance, and her brow
 Fairer than any which gleam there now.
 Yet after the dance is done, and faint
 Each languid limb on the turf is thrown,
 Their gathering voices strive to paint
 The stranger-heart that Linda won.
 And still, as his wasted form, pale brow,
 And mournful looks to their thoughts appear ;
 With his deep, sad voice, they wonder how
 He hath pleaded his tale in Linda's ear.
 And some dream wildly of wizard bower
 Which hath tempted those fair young feet to stray :
 And some of the sweet and charmed power
 Which lies in the moonlight's holy ray :
 And some who love—oh ! *they* fondly feel,
 In the hopeful heart of the promised bride,
 That her soul may be bound in the woe or weal
 Of the stranger by the fountain's side :
 And none be able to know, or tell,
 How such a love in her young heart grew—

Till the charm have bound *their* souls as well,
And the flame burn bright in their bosoms too.

They travel fast—the bridegroom lord,
With his prancing steed and his trusty sword ;
And the brother-tyrant by his side,
With marble brow and heart of pride.
But vainly they follow o'er vale and hill,
Through the tufted heath, or the cool clear rill ;
That mournful pair are far before,
Where the bleak sands lie, and the billows roar.
Far from the smiling land of her birth,
Her early home on the boundless earth,
Hath Linda, with tears, resolved to go,
For her mother's son is her deadly foe.
Stern as he was when she watch'd each look,
And obey'd ere he spoke—oh ! how shall he brook
That her heart hath swerved, and her vows are naught
For the sake of the love which a stranger brought ?
Oh ! far may her white foot seek, and reach,
A home on Erin's shingled beach !
Where Miriam dwelt—in *their* bless'd land
Of the free warm heart, and the open hand ;
Where no hypocrite sneer their wrath disguises,
But the sword springs out as the heart's blood rises ;

There hath she chosen her home to be :
 And their bark bounds over the foaming sea.
 Silently watching by Isbal's side,
 Sadly she looks on the curling tide ;
 And, gloomily as it roams o'er all,
His eye is a guide where hers shall fall.

Sudden a light shot o'er that eye,
 And a quivering through him came ;
 And Linda, though she knows not why,
 Clings trembling to his frame.

Hurriedly he spoke,
 As the deep flush broke
 O'er his face :

“ There is a vessel—would it were a wreck !—
 I know it by the flag ; and on that deck
 Are forms my soul can trace.

Though yet I see them not, I know
 That, could we meet, a bitter woe
 Were thine, their power beneath :
 Though yet I hear them not, I feel
 Each voice would tear the polish'd steel
 From out its idle sheath.

Curse on the sails, whose lagging speed
 Doth leave us in our hour of need !
 Is there no wind in heaven ?
 They come—oh ! Linda, cling to me :

Come closer yet : more strength will be
To love and vengeance given !”

Vain wrath ! Young Linda gazes on the sight
Which thus hath conjured up a desperate fight ;
And, in the distance she doth spy a sail,
With its flag fluttering gently on the gale,
White, calm, and peaceful :—strange in truth it seems,
That such a sight hath power to wake such dreams.
Yet doth she shudder, as with vehement force
He clasps her round, and views the vessel’s course.
It nears—it nears—and through the signal glass,
The distant forms of crew and captain pass.—
’Tis they ! ’tis they ! Her brother’s haughty form,
Proudly erect, defies the coming storm :
And, seated near him, in his mantle clad,
With brow almost as haughty, but more sad,
Is he who woo’d her heart, when love was yet
A dream—which those who wake, strive vainly to forget !

She sees them, but all unconscious they,
Who tracks them thus on their distant way.
They hail the vessel, then turn to gaze
Upon the sunset’s parting rays ;

And veering in their course, they sever,
Careless if they should part for ever !
But Isbal hath fix'd his straining sight
On the gleamy look of her canvas white,
And with impatient glance on high
Chides the full sails that hide the sky ;
And yearns, till that distant land be won,
For spirits' wings to bear him on.
Bounds the light ship on her foamy track,
With her crimson pennant floating back :
Onward impell'd by the steady gales,
That are firmly pressing the swelling sails.

On she goes, and the waves are dashing
Under her stern, and under her prow ;
Oh ! pleasant the sound of the waters splashing
To those who the heat of the desert know.

On she goes—and the light is breaking
In a narrow streak o'er the distant sea ;
And the shouts confused of the crew are waking
The silent air with an echo free.

On she goes—and the moon hath risen—
The holy moon that her veil doth shroud ;
And like a mournful face from prison,
She looketh out of her watery cloud.

Graceful as earth's most gentle daughters,
That good ship sails through the gleaming spray--
Like a beautiful dream on the darken'd waters,
Till she anchors in Killala bay. (8)

Erin!—be hush'd, my lyre ! Oh ! thou,
With ardent mind and eager brow ;
With heart and harp together strung,
The hero's soul, the poet's tongue ;
Who shall attempt the chorded shell
Which thou hast breathed upon so well ?
Or who shall seek that land to praise,
Nor seem to echo back thy lays ?
That land, “ the land that bore thee ;” never
Shall aught thy name from Erin's sever—
Nor dream of Erin's beauty be,
That doth not also breathe of thee.
And if perchance, in after years,
Some other harp shall wake our tears ;

Or, with a burst of glorious song,
 Bear our rapt souls in dreams along:
 The songs they sing, the lays they pour,
 Shall bring us back *thy* genius—Moore!
 Oh! yes—by all that others feel,
 When from thy lip the low words steal:
 By many an unregarded sigh
 The winds have caught in passing by:
 By wild far dreams of light divine,
 That come not, save to souls like thine:
 By the heart-swelling thou hast wrought:
 By thy deep melody of thought:
 By tear, and song, and ardour won—
 The harp of Erin is thine own!

A storm is in the sky; a storm on earth;
 And terror pale hath hush'd the voice of mirth.
 And strong determination gleams forth now
 From the deep lines of many a careless brow.
 A storm is on the sea; a storm in heaven;
 And wildly on the vessel's course is driven.
 Forth rushes lightning from the lurid skies,
 And ere the pilot's lips can pray,—he dies!
 Aghast they stand;—the blacken'd corse lies there,
 Sickening their helpless hearts with deep despair:

While Isbal waves his vainly lifted hand,
 And shouts in deafen'd ears his proud command :
 " Each to his post ! Myself will take the helm,
 Though lightnings dart, and billows overwhelm.
 Why dream ye thus ? Is death so dreadful then
 To shrinking things that boast the name of men ?
 Will ye be daunted that one soul hath gone
 Ere he had time to say, ' I go *alone* !'
 Struggle for life ! for soon the yawning tide,
 Which howls and dashes o'er the good ship's side,
 Shall come to claim its prey :—each to his post,
 And strain and labour, or the ship is lost !"
 Alarm, and shame, and wonder fill their hearts ;
 And then his fiery speech some warmth imparts.
 All hands aboard with silent strength obey,
 And the strain'd vessel ploughs her labour'd way.

A bark—a bark comes tossing o'er the wave,
 (On the dark face of heaven, more darkly seen)
 Right on the vessel's course,—while ev'n the brave
 Shudder for breath ;—what doth the helmsman mean ?
 Onward she comes—by raging wave and wind
 Helplessly driven with a meteor's speed :
 Almost she touches :—is the helmsman blind,
 That of such danger he doth take no heed ?

Well doth *he* know that ship, whose eye hath watch'd

All the long day ; and now doth glaring stand,

His only fear that heaven perchance hath snatch'd

His deep revenge from out his desperate hand.

She comes !—a shock—a hollow whirling sound—⁽⁹⁾

A wail that o'er the troubled waters went

Of many howling voices ;—a harsh sound

Of the keel grating o'er that bark's descent ;

And all was over !—Oh ! in those few words

How much of agony, and hope, and fear,

And yearnings after life, and treasured hoards

Of young hearts' feelings, cease and disappear !

All—*all* was over ! what, we may not know ;

But, looking back, in our own breasts we feel

Much perish'd, with the separate all of those

Who sank beneath that vessel's grating keel.

And with them perish'd Linda's brother stern,

And the young bridegroom in his hour of youth :

And Linda feels her brain and bosom burn—

Oh ! it had madden'd her to know the truth !

The murderous truth, that he she loved—for whom

And for whose love she broke her plighted troth,

With strong and ruthless hand prepared the doom,

Which sickens her to dream upon—for both.

But as it was, she gazed into his face,

And round upon the black and empty space,

And then with shudderings cold she bow'd her head,
And gazed upon the waters.—

Have the dead

Power to rise ? She sees a single form
All impotently struggling with the storm,
And tossing high his arm, as if to crave
A rescue from his comrades' watery grave.
Oh ! save him !—save him ! Swift a rope is thrown,
And on the deck, with an exhausted groan,
The half-drown'd wretch is laid. With greedy glare
Doth Isbal watch him for a moment there ;
And then with faded glance draws calmly back,
And seems to watch the vessel's furrow'd track.
Meanwhile full many a rough but hearty grasp
Greets the lone stranger ; but *his* hand the clasp
Returns not—and their words of welcome seem
Spoken to one who hears not, but doth dream.
Wistfully gazing up into their eyes,

As though he understood them not—awhile
All motionless he stands ; then to the skies,
Then on the sea, with a most bitter smile.
And thus he spoke, but whom he loved, or why,
Is in His book who suffer'd them to die :—

“ It was a pleasant dream—possessing thee,
Albeit thy stay was very short on earth :

And still my hopes and heart are blessing thee,
 Thou of the glad bright eyes and voice of mirth.
It *was* a pleasant dream—but thou art gone,
 By many a billow cover'd from my sight :
Thou 'lt come no more to cheer me when alone—
 Thy lips are mute—thine eyes no more are bright.
Oh ! thou in whom my life was all bound up,
 What is that life without thee ? Long ere now
I deem'd that I had drain'd pale sorrow's cup—
 Alas ! I had not seen death on thy brow.

“ Oft, when with boding fears I 've sat to watch
 For thy dear coming, with dim weary gaze,
Or wander'd out thine eye's first glance to catch,
 Fancy hath painted them with fading rays.
I've dream'd of danger and of death ; and when
 Thine answering look hath met my anxious eye ;
When I have clasp'd thee to my heart again—
 That heart's full joy hath strain'd to agony.
But it hath come at last—the long dark day,
 The cheerless absence which hath no return ;
And what is left to me ? where lies thy clay—
 There—*there*, beloved, doth my beacon burn !”

Wildly he gazed upon the green deep wave,
As if he sought a spot to be his grave ;
Then turning him where Isbal stood aside,
“ My curse upon thee, helmsman !” loud he cried.
He leapt—the waters closed, and murmur’d o’er :
The heart that beat to suffer—felt no more.
And Isbal started, and young Linda wept ;
And the heavens brighten’d, and the loud winds slept.
The cold pale moon began once more to shine,
And the tall vessel sped athwart the brine.

’Tis deep blue midnight—many a star
Is twinkling in the heavens afar.
The autumn winds are blowing keen
The straight and steady masts between ;
And motionless the vessel lies,
As she were traced upon the skies.
Within that anchor’d ship are some
Fond simple hearts who dream of home ;
And murmuring in their sleep, they hear
Far distant voices whispering near.
Within that anchor’d ship are many
Whose careless dreams (if they have any)
Bring back some lightly-utter’d jest,
To brighten o’er their lonely rest.

Within that anchor'd ship are none
Who sleep not, save the watch—and one
Who may not rest—who dares not dream ;
And *he*—whence glows that sudden beam
That shot along his pallid brow ?
Again—again—'tis brighter now—
Awake ! awake ! 'tis danger—death !—
The flames are round, above, beneath ;
Fire ! on the lonely waste of sea—
Fire ! where no human help can be !
Wild, breathless, and aghast, the crew
Crowd the scorch'd deck. A busy few,
With the rude instinct that doth make
Man struggle for existence' sake,
Lower the boats :—one after one
Those frail light barks are landward gone,
Ere Isbal from his vision'd trance
Is roused.—What meets his hurried glance ?
Half burnt, half drown'd, around him dying,
Are wretches on the waters lying.
He gazes on all with shivering start—
“ 'Tis the curse—'tis the curse of that broken heart !”
He hails the last boat—“ Oh ! not for *my* life
Do I ask you to brave the element's strife ;
But for her who is dearer than life”—in vain !
A hoarse voice answers him again :

“ When *thou* wert helmsman, the ship went down,
And the heavens look'd out with an angry frown.
How know we who or what thou art,
A man in form, but a fiend in heart !
Thou didst not shudder, nor quail, nor shrink,
When we heard the waves their death-sob drink ;
Though brave men held their breath, to see
Their fellows die so suddenly !
The wrath of Heaven is on thy head,
And a cry is come up from the early dead—
It hath wrought on us this awful sign ;
And we will not perish for thee or thine !”

It was over now !—and alone they stood
In that fiery ship, on the glowing flood ;
With a woman's love, and a woman's fear,
She clung to that bosom, now doubly dear ;
And she look'd up into his death-like face,
From the eager clasp of his firm embrace,
With a strange wild smile, which seem'd to say,
“ Let us die together.” He turn'd away,
And he gazed far out on the lonely sea,
Where the billows are raging desperately ;
He gazed far out to the utmost verge,
But the sickening sound of the booming surge,

And the dashing waves, with their ceaseless strife,
Coursing each other like things of life—
And a howl through the lighted firmament,
As the boat, and the boat's crew downward went—
Sounds of sorrow, and sights of fear,
Were all which struck on his eye and ear.
He look'd around him :—the fiery blaze
Mocking the pale moon's quiet rays ;
The red flames licking the top-mast high,
As if climbing to reach the cool clear sky ;
And the waters which came with a hissing flash,
On the side of the burning ship to dash ;
The fire-tinged sails, and the lonely deck,
Which must soon be a black and helpless wreck ;
The perishing fragments of all which lay
So proudly bright at the close of day ;
And the memory of that grating sound,
When the keel pass'd over the wretches drown'd :
These, and the thoughts such scenes impart,
Were all that struck on his eye and heart.
All—was it all ? Was there no pale form,
Shining amid the element's storm,
With her lip compress'd, and her dark eye proud,
While the flames rose high, and the blast blew loud ?
Feeling that now no earthly power
Could sever their hearts for one short hour,

And careless of death, because she knew
That where *he* sank, she must perish too !
He look'd on her, and his heart grew sick,
And his filmy glance was dull and thick,
As wildly earnest he gazed once more
From the rolling sea to the distant shore.
A wild light shot o'er his gloomy brow ;
“ Oh ! Heaven, dear Linda, is with us now !
Amid these scenes of fear and dread,
Thy Isbal, still secure, might tread :
The floating wave would bear him on
To live—but he would live alone.
Oh ! by the love thou bear'st me still,
Though to me thou owest all earthly ill ;
By the hours, and days, and years of bliss
Which made thy dreams, ere life sank to this ;
By the hope that hath been, and that still may be,
Plunge into the waves, beloved, with me.”
Wildly she gazes, and shrouds her eyes
From the dark confusion of sea and skies.
Oh ! woman's heart ! to die by his side
Less fearful seems than to stem that tide ;
Those roaring, raging, horrible waves,
Which are rolling o'er her shipmates' graves.

Onward—onward—and Isbal draws
His labour'd breath with a gasping pause ;
 The curse is light
 On his soul that night ;
For a heart is beating against his breast,
Where his lonely thoughts have found sweet rest,
 And a calm delight.

Onward—onward—she faints not yet—
Though her cheek be cold, and her long hair wet ;
 And Isbal yearns,
 As her fond eye turns
To search for hope in his eager face ;
For land, and a mossy resting-place,
 Where nothing burns.

Onward—onward—for weary miles
Through the lone chill waters, where nothing smiles,
 And the light hath shrunk—
 And the wave hath drunk
The last dull, cheerless, ruddy gleam,
And naught remains but an awful dream
 Of the good ship sunk.

Onward—onward—in darkness now,
And the dew is standing on Isbal's brow ;
 And his soul is wrung,
 As the arms which clung
Confidingly, droop in their beauty there
On the nervous strength of his shoulder bare,
 Where her long hair hung.

Onward—onward—he hears once more
Murmurs and sounds from the blessed shore.
 He heedeth not
 His long dark lot,
But strains that form in a long embrace,
And tenderly kisses her cold pale face,
 And his toil is forgot.

“ Thou 'rt saved, my Linda ! See, the land is won—
The pleasant land where we may live alone :
The deep firm land, where we may stand and gaze
Upon the ocean in its stormiest days.
Linda, my beautiful ! oh, blessed be
That day of well-remember'd agony
Which stamp'd the brand of darkness on my brow—
Since I have lived, beloved, to save thee now.”

He hath lifted her and laid her down,
And taken her soft hand in his own,
And wrung the brine from out her hair,
And raised its weight from her bosom fair,
Its cold damp weight, that her breath may come
Free from its pure and lovely home.
He hath press'd his cheek close, close to hers,
To feel when the first pulsation stirs,
And now he watches with patient love
Till that fainting form begin to move.
Long may he watch. Oh! never more
By the rolling sea, or the pleasant shore,
Shall her mournful voice with its gentle sigh
Whisper soft words of melody.
Never, oh! never more, her form
With faithful step, through sun and storm,
Shall follow him from land to land
Or like his guardian spirit stand.
Long may he watch for that head to rise,
For the gentle glance of those waking eyes :
Cold and pale as she lieth now—
With her weary limbs, and her faded brow,
So must she lie for evermore—
She hath pass'd her trials, and reach'd the shore !

Ah! who shall tell their agonized despair,
Who, after watchful nights of ceaseless prayer,
And days of toil, and hours of bitter tears,
And agony that does the work of years—
Stand by the bed of death with whirling brain,
And feel they toil'd, and loved, and pray'd, *in vain*.
Sadly and fearfully they shrink from those
Whose looks confirm the story of their woes,
And seek with visionary words to buoy
Their spirits up with prophecies of joy:
Ev'n while their blanch'd lips quiver in their dread,
The faint tongue murmurs, "No, they are not dead!"
And yet we feel they *are*. So Isbal stood
By the deep, rolling, and eternal flood;
And so *he* sought some comfort to impart
With a fond falsehood to his conscious heart;
And still repeated, "Lo, she breathes! she stirs!"
When his own breath had waved a tress of hers.
The oft repeated echo died away
Of those vain words; and as the ocean spray
With its light snow-shower drenches her again,
His lip gives forth uncertain sounds of pain.

In his wrung heart he seeks to guess
When perish'd so much of loveliness;

And in Fancy's dream her arms again
Cling, as they clung around him then.
Which of the mountain waves that rose,
Bade her meek eyes for ever close ?
Was it her corpse that he bore for miles,
When he gladly dreamt of her grateful smiles ?
Or did her white feet touch the shore,
Ere her spirit departed for evermore ?
With a straining force his deep thoughts dwell
On each murmur that rose 'mid the ocean's swell.
Was it, when feebly her young arms sank,
That the dashing waters her spirit drank,
And her breath pass'd out on the billows high
With a faint and an unremember'd sigh ?
But no—for long after he spoke to cheer,
And her sweet voice answer'd in his ear.
Was it when darkness fell around,
And the red ship sank with a gurgling sound—
That her angel soul to its haven past
On the unseen wings of the midnight blast ?
Did she yearn for the far land hopelessly,
As her stiff limbs shrank from the foaming sea :
Or did she yield her up to death,
With a weary moan, and a gasping breath ?
Vainly he searches his tortured brain
For a farewell word, or a sigh of pain ;

Silently as he bore her on,
Her soul from its gentle frame hath gone,
And never on earth shall his heart discover
The moment her love and her life were over ;
Only this much shall the lost one know—
Where *she* hath departed, he may not go !

With sternly folded arms, and indrawn breath,
He stands and gazes on that form of death.
The deep—the sickening certainty is there,
The doom eternal of his long despair.
O'er the dim wave he flung his desperate arm,
Forgetful in his anguish of the charm
That bound his life. With effort wild and vain
He plunges headlong in the treacherous main ;
While the lone sea, with melancholy sound,
Returns him groaning to the mossy ground.
Again he leaps the tide-wash'd bank, which late
He deem'd a shelter from the storms of fate :
The dashing waters yield, and then divide ;
But still he sinks not in the whelming tide.
Proudly he stemm'd the billows, when his arms
Bore the faint burden of his Linda's charms :
Proudly he gazed upon the waters high,
Whose strength contain'd no power to bid him die :

But now he curses, with a bitter voice,
The ocean, which doth triumph and rejoice,
As the green billows, heaving in the day,
Greedily roar around that lifeless clay.
Hark ! the wild howl that echoes through the land,
As his foot spurns the smooth and glittering sand.
That wave its floating weight on shore hath thrown ;
And “ the Undying One ” is left *alone*.

END OF “ THE UNDYING ONE.”

NOTES.

NOTE 1.—Page 87, line 18.

“ Like her's of old, who prayed and found relief.”

The widow of Nain, and the Shunamite, are both recorded scriptural instances of the recall of departed souls to the deserted clay, in order to assuage maternal agony. It is to be regretted that we have no means of ascertaining, by the after-life of these objects of affection, in what degree that return to life was blessed, either to the mourner or her idol.

NOTE 2.—Page 90, line 8.

“ Were fain to curse their Maker, and depart.”

Vide the advice given to Job by his wife—“ *Curse God, and die.*”

NOTE 3.—Page 98, line 19.

“ Gave England's Richard gifts.”

At Richard the First's coronation, some Jews, pressing into Westminster-hall, were put to death by the people, and, a false alarm being

spread, that the king had ordered a general massacre of them, they were slain in many parts of England, although they had come from all the countries of Europe to bring the king costly presents for his protection.

NOTE 4.—Page 99, line 4.

“ *Brother laid brother low.*”

Five hundred of the Jews, in the early part of Richard the First's reign, took refuge in York Castle, where the mob besieged them: being driven to the last extremity, they threw their children at the enemy, and cut one another's throats, rather than surrender.

NOTE 5.—Page 108, line 4.

“ *In half eclipse beyond the darkened glass.*”

It is a well-known fact, that a fragment of *smoked* glass will enable the happy possessor to distinguish a visible eclipse of the sun, with far greater distinctness than he could without its aid, owing to the sight not being dazzled. A lens of crystallized tears, bequeathed from father to son, might be of great service in preventing the visible future from appearing too bright in our eyes; perhaps, when balloons do the work of stage coaches, and other of our rapid improvements are completed, something of this sort may be planned and executed, for the benefit of succeeding ages!

NOTE 6.—Page 116, line 1.

“ *Each hue of life by gradual shades withdrew.*”

It would be a source of infinite satisfaction to me, if, by a very feeble description of what was very strongly felt, I could impart to my

readers one tenth part of the dread and horror I experienced on a similar occasion to the one related in the poem. It was my misfortune that night to go to rest at variance with some of those "near and dear unto me;" and, with a humility natural to my waking hours, exaggerating the effect produced on their minds by my conduct, I supposed them all dead of grief. Remorse instantly took possession of my hitherto callous heart, and, with a passionate invocation on the names of the departed, I threw myself back on my visionary sofa and wept. I had not been in that situation many minutes, before I heard those familiar voices calling me by my name. The tones sounded as if from a distance; whereupon, uncovering my face, I looked towards the window, but, to my surprise, the speakers were close at my feet, looking just as they did before my unnatural conduct caused their untimely end. A feeling of being *hoaxed* flashed across my mind, and I was tempted to exclaim with the Giaour—

" I knew 'twas false—*they* could not die !"

Fearful, however, of offending my newly recovered friends, I remained silent, and so did they, till their silence, and the unalterable composure of their countenances, produced that sick dread which is only felt in dreams. There was neither grief, gladness, displeasure, nor surprise visible on their countenances—*they merely looked at me*; and gradually, as I gazed, the colours of the drapery worn by them, ("gay attire," meet for London after Easter,) grew more and more pale and indistinct, till the whole, (not even excepting their features,) became one deadly white, the eyes only retaining a sort of faint tinge of their original hue, at the same time that the resemblance of each figure to its living original was perfect; they stood quite still, and might have stood there till now; but that I woke in the greatest possible agony of

mind—I might almost add, of body, for my heart beat so full and heavily, I thought it would have burst—it did not however : I met my friends at breakfast, convinced that ghosts appear precisely in that way, and praying Heaven to preserve me from such another night.

NOTE 7.—Page 126, line 1.

“ *Oh! such his madness.*”

The poet Tasso, on whose case *de lunatico inquirendo* opinions have been much divided.

NOTE 8.—Page 142, line 8.

“ *Till she anchors in Killala Bay.*”

This particular anchorage was originally intended to be of service to my readers, as a chronological date, bringing the Undying One to a modern æra, the landing of the French in Ireland, in 1798; but having, for reasons satisfactory to myself, omitted the passage, I take this opportunity of mentioning my previous views.

NOTE 9.—Page 145, line 5.

“ *She comes—a shock—a hollow whirling sound.*”

In the year 1778, the London East Indiaman was run down by the Russel man-of-war, when upwards of one hundred people perished. I was discussing this species of danger at sea, with a person I met in a steam packet bound for Edinburgh: he assured me the case was by no means uncommon, and that he recollected, during the war, being on board a merchant ship, which, having no arms on board, *purposely* ran down a small French vessel; he added, there was no sound but

one wild scream of several voices in unison, and a *grating* as the merchant ship passed over. There were thirty souls on board the French vessel. I asked whether the captain was not dreadfully shocked: "Yes," said my informant, "I remember he set his teeth very hard *at the time*; but he considered himself justified by the fact of his having neither arms nor ammunition to defend himself, in case they should attack him."



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

ON THE
PURPLE AND WHITE CARNATION.

A FABLE.

'Twas a bright May morn, and each opening flower
Lay sunning itself in Flora's bower ;
Young Love, who was fluttering round, espied
The blossoms so gay in their painted pride ;
And he gazed on the point of a feathered dart,
For mischief had filled the boy-god's heart ;
And laughed as his bowstring of silk he drew,
And away that arrow at random flew :
Onward it sped like a ray of light,
And fell on a flower of virgin white,
Which glanced all snowy and pure at the sun,
And wept when his glorious course was run :
Two little drops on its pale leaves lay
Pure as pearls, but with diamond ray,

(Like the tear on Beauty's lid of snow,
Which waits but Compassion to bid it flow ;)
It rested, that dart ; and its pointed tip
Sank deep where the bees were wont to sip ;
And the sickening flower gazed with grief
On the purple stains which dimmed each leaf,
And the crystal drops on its leaves that stood
Blushed with sorrow and shame till they turned to blood.

It chanced that Flora, wandering by,
Beheld her flow'ret droop and die ;
And Love laughed in scorn at the flower-queen's woe,
As she vainly shook its leaves of snow.
Fled from her lip was the smile of light :—
“ Oh ! who hath worked thee this fell despite !
Thou who did'st harm, alas ! to none,
But joyed'st all day in the beams of the sun ! ”
“ 'Twas Love ! ” said the flower, and a scented sigh
Loaded the gale that murmured by.
'Twas Love ! and the dew-drops that blushed on the wound
Sank slow and sad to the pitying ground.

“ 'Twas Love ! ” said Flora : “ accursed be the power
That could blight the bloom of so fair a flower.
With whispers and smiles he wins Beauty's ears,
But he leaves her nothing save grief and tears.

Ye gods ! shall he bend with such tyranny still
The weak and the strong to his wanton will ?
No ! the hearts that he joins may rude discord sever ;
Accursed be his power for ever and ever."

She spoke, and wept ; and the echo again
Repeated the curse, but all in vain—
The tyrant laughed as he fluttered away,
Spreading his rainbow wings to the day,
And settling at random his feathered darts
To spoil sweet flowers, or break fond hearts.

He fled—and the queen o'er her flower in vain
Poured the evening dew and the April rain,
The purple spots on her heart still were.
And she said, as she wept her fruitless care,
" The blight and the stain may be washed away,
But what *Love* hath ruined must sink in decay."

And she sent it on earth, to dwell below
In the autumn fog and the winter snow.
And even, 'tis said, on summer eves
O'er that sad lost flower she wails and grieves ;
And the drops that by mortals as dew are seen
Are the tears of the mourning flower-queen.

And when men are gazing with fond delight
On its varied leaves, and call them bright,
And praise the velvet tints, and say
There never was flower more pure and gay :
That flow'ret says, as it droops its head,
“ Alas ! for the day when by love I bled ;
When my feathery flowers were pure and white,
And my leaves had no earthly stain or blight,
When no chilling blasts around me blew,
And in Flora's garden of light I grew.
Oh ! the blight and the stain may be washed away,
But what *Love* hath ruined must sink in decay.”

THE CARELESS WORD.

A WORD is ringing thro' my brain,
It was not meant to give me pain ;
It had no tone to bid it stay,
When other things had past away ;
It had no meaning more than all
Which in an idle hour fall :
It was when *first* the sound I heard
A lightly uttered, careless word.

That word—oh ! it doth haunt me now,
In scenes of joy, in scenes of woe ;
By night, by day, in sun or shade,
With the half smile that gently played
Reproachfully, and gave the sound
Eternal power thro' life to wound.
There is no voice I ever heard,
So deeply fix'd as that one word.

When in the laughing crowd some tone,
Like those whose joyous sound is gone,
Strikes on my ear, I shrink—for then
The careless word comes back again.
When all alone I sit and gaze
Upon the cheerful home-fire blaze,
Lo ! freshly as when first 'twas heard,
Returns that lightly uttered word.

When dreams bring back the days of old,
With all that wishes could not hold ;
And from my feverish couch I start
To press a shadow to my heart—
Amid its beating echoes, clear
That little word I seem to hear :
In vain I say, while it is heard,
Why weep ?—'twas but a foolish word.

It comes—and with it come the tears,
The hopes, the joys of former years ;
Forgotten smiles, forgotten looks,
Thick as dead leaves on autumn brooks,
And all as joyless, though they *were*
The brightest things life's spring could share.
Oh ! would to God I ne'er had heard
That lightly uttered, careless word !

It was the first, the only one
Of those which lips for ever gone
Breathed in their love—which had for me
Rebuke of harshness at my glee :
And if those lips were here to say,
“ Beloved, let it pass away,”
Ah ! then, perchance—but I have heard
The last dear tone—the careless word !

Oh ! ye who, meeting, sigh to part,
Whose words are treasures to some heart,
Deal gently, ere the dark days come,
When earth hath but for *one* a home ;
Lest, musing o'er the past, like me,
They feel their hearts wrung bitterly,
And, heeding not what else they heard,
Dwell weeping on a careless word.

THEY LOVED ONE ANOTHER.

THEY loved one another ! young Edward and his wife,
And in their cottage-home they dwelt, apart from sin and
strife.

Each evening Edward weary came from a day of honest
toil,

And Mary made the fire blaze, and smiled a cheerful
smile.

Oh ! what was wealth or pomp to them, the gaudy glitter-
ing show,

Of jewels blazing on the breast, where heaves a heart of
woe !

The merry laugh, the placid sleep, were theirs ; they hated
sloth,

And all the little that they had, belonged alike to both,
For they loved one another !

They loved one another ; but one of them is gone,
And by that vainly cheerful hearth poor Edward sits alone.
He gazes round on all which used to make his heart rejoice,
And he misses Mary's gentle smile, he misses Mary's voice.
There are many in this chilly world who would not care to
part,
Tho' they dwell together in one home, and ought to have
one heart,
And yet *they* live! while never more those happy ones
may meet ;
And the echo from her home is gone of Mary's busy feet :
And *they* loved one another !

They loved one another ! but she hath past away,
And taken with her all the light, the sunshine of his day ;
And Edward makes no loud lament, nor idly sits and
mourns,
But quietly goes forth at morn, and quietly returns.
The cottage now is still and dark, no welcome bids him
home,
He passes it and wanders on, to sit by Mary's tomb.
Oh ! weep my friends—for very sad and bitter it must be
To yearn for some familiar face we never more may see—
When we loved one another !

MY HEART IS LIKE A WITHERED NUT!

My heart is like a withered nut,
 Rattling within its hollow shell;
 You cannot ope my breast, and put
 Any thing fresh with it to dwell.
 The hopes and dreams that filled it when
 Life's spring of glory met my view,
 Are gone! and ne'er with joy or pain
 That shrunken heart shall swell anew.

My heart is like a withered nut;
 Once it was soft to every touch,
 But now 'tis stern and closely shut;—
 I would not have to plead with such.
 Each light-toned voice once cleared my brow,
 Each gentle breeze once shook the tree
 Where hung the sun-lit fruit, which now
 Lies cold, and stiff, and sad, like me!

My heart is like a withered nut—

It once was comely to the view ;

But since misfortune's blast hath cut,

It hath a dark and mournful hue.

The freshness of its verdant youth

Nought to that fruit can now restore ;

And my poor heart, I feel in truth,

Nor sun, nor smile shall light it more !

MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

I HAVE tasted each varied pleasure,
And drunk of the cup of delight ;
I have danced to the gayest measure
In the halls of dazzling light.
I have dwelt in a blaze of splendour,
And stood in the courts of kings ;
I have snatched at each toy that could render
More rapid the flight of Time's wings.
But vainly I've sought for joy or peace,
In that life of light and shade ;
And I turn with a sigh to my own dear home—
The home where my childhood played !

When jewels are sparkling round me,
And dazzling with their rays,
I weep for the ties that bound me
In life's first early days.

I sigh for one of the sunny hours
Ere day was turned to-night ;
For one of my nosegays of fresh wild flowers,
Instead of those jewels bright.
I weep when I gaze on the scentless buds
Which never can bloom or fade ;
And I turn with a sigh to those gay green fields—
The home where my childhood played.

ESCAPE FROM THE SNARES OF LOVE.

YOUNG Love has chains of metal rare,
Heavy as gold—yet light as air :
It chanced he caught a heart one day
Which struggled hard, as loth to stay.

Prudence, poor thing, was lingering near—
She whispered in the captive's ear,
“ Cease, little flutterer ; bear thy chain,
And soon thou shalt be free again !”

No ; I assert my right to fly—
The chain shall break, and Love shall die
What ! I remain a willing slave ?
No—freedom, freedom, or the grave !

Meanwhile Love slumbered by his prize
His languid limbs and closing eyes
Prudence beheld—she spoke again,
“ Oh! yet a moment bear thy chain !”

Unheeded prayer! the struggling heart
Strove still the slender links to part,
While timid Prudence gazed and sighed,
Weary of strife, and loth to chide.

One moment more the links had broke,
But slumbering Love, alarmed, awoke ;
With iron rivets bound the chain,
And turned secure to sleep again.

Let hearts which now in bondage weep,
Repose, till wearied Love shall sleep :
Oh! struggle not, lest he should wake ;—
Slip off the chain—*it will not break.*

I F S

OH ! if the winds could whisper what they hear,
When murmuring round at sunset through the grove ;
If words were written on the streamlet clear,
So often spoken fearlessly above :
If tell-tale stars, descending from on high,
Could image forth the thoughts of all that gaze,
Entranced upon that deep cerulean sky,
And count how few think *only* of their rays !

If the lulled heaving ocean could disclose
All that has passed upon her golden sand,
When the moon-lighted waves triumphant rose,
And dashed their spray upon the echoing strand.
If dews could tell how many tears have mixed
With the bright gem-like drops that Nature weeps,
If night could say how many eyes are fixed
On *her* dark shadows, while creation sleeps !

If echo, rising from her magic throne,
Repeated with her melody of voice
Each timid sigh—each whispered word and tone,
Which made the hearer's listening heart rejoice.
If Nature could, unchecked, repeat aloud
All she hath heard and seen—must hear and see—
Where would the whispering, vowing, sighing crowd
Of lovers, and their blushing partners, be?

AS WHEN FROM DREAMS AWAKING.

As when from dreams awaking
The dim forms float away
Whose visioned smiles were making
Our darkness bright as day;
We vainly strive, while weeping,
From their shining spirit track,
(Where they fled while we were sleeping,)
To call those dear ones back !

Like the stars, some power divides them
From a world of want and pain ;
They are there, but daylight hides them,
And we look for them in vain.
For a while we dwell with sadness,
On the beauty of that dream,

Then turn, and hail with gladness
The light of morning's beam.

So, when memory's power is wringing
Our lonely hearts to tears,
Dim forms around us bringing
That brightened former years :
Fond looks and low words spoken,
Which those dreamy days could boast,
Rise ; till the spell be broken,
We forget that they are lost !

But when the hour of darkness rolls
Like heavy night away ;
And peace is stealing o'er our souls,
Like the dawn of summer day :
The dim sweet forms that used to bless,
Seem stealing from us too ;
We loved them—but joy's sunniness
Hath hid them from our view !

Oh could day beam eternally,
And Memory's power cease,
This world, a world of light would be,
Our hearts were worlds of peace :

But dreams of joy return with night,
And dwell upon the past—
And every grief that clouds our light,
Reminds us of the last !

OLD FRIENDS.

How are they waned and faded from our hearts,
The old companions of our early days !
Of all the many loved, which name imparts
Regret when blamed, or rapture at its praise ?
What are their several fates, by Heaven decreed,
They of the jocund heart, and careless brow ?
Alas ! we scarcely know and scarcely heed,
Where, in this world of sighs, they wander now.

See, how with cold faint smile, and courtly nod,
They pass, whom wealth and revelry divide—
Who walked together to the house of God,
Read from one book, and rested side by side ;
No look of recognition lights the eye
Which laughingly hath met that fellow-face ;
With careless hands they greet and wander by,
Who parted once with tears and long embrace.

Oh, childhood! blessed time of hope and love,
When all we knew was Nature's simple law,
How may we yearn again that time to prove,
When we looked round, and loved whate'er we saw.
Now dark suspicion wakes, and love departs,
And cold distrust its well-feigned smile displays;
And they are waned and faded from our hearts,
The old companions of our early days!

THE BRIDE.

SHE is standing by her loved one's side,
A young and a fair and a gentle bride,
But mournfulness hath crost her face
Like shadows in a sunny place,
And wistfully her eye doth strain
Across the blue and distant main.
My home! my home!—I would I were
Again in joyous gladness there!
My home! my home!—I would I heard
The singing voice, like some small bird,
Of him, our mother's youngest child,
With light soft step, and features mild.—
I would I saw that dear one now,
With the proud eye and noble brow,

Whose very errors were more loved
Than all our reason most approved.
And she, my fairy sister, she,
Who was the soul of childish glee ;
Who loved me so—oh, let me hear
Once more those tones familiar, dear,
Which haunt my rest ; and I will smile
Even as I used to do erewhile.
I know that some have fall'n asleep—
I know that some have learnt to weep—
But my heart never feels the same
As when those light steps round me came ;
And sadness weighs my heavy eye
Beneath this cheerless stranger sky :
Tho' fewer now might round me come—
It is my home—my own old home !

She is back again in her sunny home,
And thick and fast the beatings come
Of that young heart, as round she sees
The same sweet flowers, the same old trees ;
But they, the living flowers she loved,
Are *they* the same ? are *they* unmoved ?—
No—time which withers leaf and stem
Hath thrown his withering change o'er them.

Where there was mirth, is silence now—
Where there was joy, a darkened brow—
The bounding step hath given place
To the slow stealing mournful pace ;
The proud bright eye is now less proud,
By time, and thought, and sickness bowed.
And the light singing voice no more
Its joyful carols echoes o'er,
But whispers ; fearful some gay tone
May wake the thought of pleasures gone.
It is her home—but all in vain
Some lingering things unchanged remain :
The present wakes no smile—the past
Hath tears to bid its memory last.
She knew that some were gone—but oh !
She knew not—youth can never know
How furrowed o'er with silent thought
Are brows which grief and time have taught.
The murmuring of some shadowy word,
Which *was* a name—which now, unheard,
May wander thro' the clear cold sky,
Or wake the echo for reply :
The lingering pause in some bright spot
To dream of those who now are not :
The gaze that vainly seeks to trace
Lost feelings beaming on a face

Where time and sorrow, guilt and care,
Have past and left their withering there:—
These are her joys; and she doth roam
Around her dear but desert home;
Peopling the vacant seats, till tears arise,
And blot the dim sweet vision from her eyes.

THE PILGRIM OF LIFE.

PILGRIM, who toilest up life's weary steep,
 To reach the summit still with pleasure crowned ;
 Born but to sigh and smile ; to sin and weep,
 Dost mark the busy multitudes around ?
 Dost mourn, with those who tread with fainting feet,
 And blighted worn-out heart, the self same road ?
 Dost laugh with those who think their travel sweet,
 And deem existence no unwelcome load ?—
 Ah, no ! unconscious of *their* joy or woe,
 Quick hurrying onward still, or gazing back,
 With feeble lustre round their planet glow
 A few beloved, connected with thy track ;
 Dear links of life, for whom to toil is bliss ;
 Circlet of stars in young hope's diadem ;
 Gay lightsome hearts who know no joy but this—
 To be *together* is enough for them.

Thou pausest on thy way—one light is set—
No power of love relumes the torch of life ;
Whate'er it was, 'tis lost—and vain regret
Pursues the rosy babe, or faithful wife.
'Tis past—'tis gone—the brightness of those eyes
Can cheer no more thy melancholy home :
But grief may not endure—new joys arise ;
The past is not—but thou hast years to come !
New joys arise—eager thou pressest on,
Hope's brilliant mockery deceiving still.
And now thou weapest o'er delusions gone,
Now hail'st with transport days devoid of ill.
Yet ever as thou goest on thy way,
However bright may be the present hour,
Clings to thy mind with brightest, purest ray,
The joy thou could'st not hold, the faded flower—
Still dearest seems the *past* ; and as each light,
Extinguished, leaves thee lone, through memory's tears
More dim the *future* rises to thy sight,
More bright the visions of thine early years.
Pilgrim of Life ! why slackenest thou thy speed ?
Why is that brow of eager hope o'ercast ?
A pause—a struggle—and the hour decreed
Mingles for aye the *present* with the *past* !

THE CAPTIVE PIRATE.

THE captive pirate sate alone,
Musing over triumphs gone,
Gazing on the clear blue sky
From his dungeon window high.
Dreamingly he sate, and thought
Of battles he had seen and fought ;
And fancy o'er him threw her spell.
He deemed he had not bid farewell
To the friends who loved him best :
O'er the white wave's snowy crest
Seems he now once more to sail,
Borne by the triumphant gale :
Cheerily the light bark bounds,
In his ears the music sounds
Of hoarsely mingling waves and voices,
And his inmost soul rejoices !

He gives the signal of command,
He waves—he drops—the lifted hand !
It was a sound of clashing steel—
Why starts he thus ? what doth he feel ?
The clanking of his iron chain
Hath made him prisoner *again* !
He groans, as memory round him brings
The shades of half-forgotten things.
His friends ! his faithful friends !—a sigh
Bursts from that bosom swelling high.
His bark ! his gallant bark !—a tear
Darkens the eye that knew not fear.
And another meaner name
Must lead *his* men to death or fame !
And another form must stand
(Captain of his mourning band)
On the deck he trod so well,
While his bark o'er ocean's swell
Is sailing far, far out at sea,
Where he never more may be !
Oh ! to be away once more
From the dark and loathsome shore !
Oh ! again the sound to hear
Of his ship's crew's hearty cheer !
Souls who by his side have stood,
Careless of their ebbing blood,

Wiped the death-dew from their brow,
And feebly smiled their truth to show !
Little does the Pirate deem
Freedom now were but a dream ;
Little does the chieftain think
That his lost companions drink
Strugglingly by the salt sea wave,
Once their home, and now their grave !
And the bark from which they part,
(While his sad and heavy heart
Yearns to tread her gallant deck,)
Helpless lies, a heaving wreck !

And little will *they* deem, who roam
Hereafter in their floating home,
While their sunlit sail is spread,
That it gleams above the dead—
That the faithless wave rolls on
Calmly, as they were not gone,
While its depths warm hearts doth cover,
Whose beatings were untimely over !
And little will they deem, who stand
Safe upon the sea-girt land,
That to the stranger all it gave
Was— a prison and a grave !

That the ruin'd fortress towers
Number'd his despairing hours,
And beneath their careless tread,
Sleeps— the broken-hearted dead !

THE FUTURE.

I WAS a laughing child, and gaily dwelt
Where murmuring brooks, and dark blue rivers roll'd,
And shadowy trees outspread their silent arms,
To welcome all the weary to their rest.
And there an antique castle rais'd its head,
Where dwelt a fair and fairy girl: perchance
Two summers she had seen beyond my years ;
And all she said or did, was said and done
With such a light and airy sportiveness,
That oft I envied her, for I was poor,
And lowly, and to me her fate did seem
Fraught with a certainty of happiness.
Years past ; and she was wed against her will,
To one who sought her for the gold she brought,
And they did vex and wound her gentle spirit,
Till madness took the place of misery.

And oft I heard her low, soft, gentle song,
Breathing of early times with mournful sound,
Till I could weep to hear, and thought how sad,
The envied *future* of her life had prov'd.
And then I grew a fond and thoughtful girl,
Loving, and deeming I was lov'd again :
But he that won my easy heart, full soon
Turn'd to another :—she might be more fair,
But could not love him better. And I wept,
Day after day, till weary grew my spirit,
With fancying how happy she must be
Whom he had chosen—yet she was not so ;
For he she wedded, loved her for a time,
And then he changed, even as he did to me,
Though something later ; and he sought another
To please his fancy, far away from home.
And he was kind : oh, yes ! he still was kind.
It vex'd her more ; for though she *knew* his love
Had faded like the primrose after spring,
Yet there was nothing which she might complain,
Had cause to grieve her ; he was gentle still.
She would have given all the store she had,
That he would but be angry for an hour,
That she might come and soothe his wounded spirit,
And lay her weeping head upon his bosom,
And say, how freely she forgave her wrongs :

But still, with calm, cold kindness he pursued
(Kindness, the mockery of departed love!)
His way—and then she died, the broken-hearted;
And I thanked heaven, who gave me not her lot,
Though I had wish'd it.
Again, I was a wife, a happy wife;
And he I loved was still unchangeable,
And kind, and true, and loved me from his soul;
But I was childless, and my lonely heart
Yearned for an image of my heart's beloved,
A something which should be my 'future' *now*
That I had so much of my life gone by;
Something to look to after I should go,
And all except my memory be past.
There was a child, a little rosy thing,
With sunny eyes, and curled and shining hair,
That used to play among the daisy flowers,
Looking as innocent and fair as they;
And sail its little boat upon the stream,
Gazing with dark blue eyes in the blue waters,
And singing in its merriment of heart
All the bright day: and when the sun was setting,
It came unbid to its glad mother's side,
To lisp with holy look its evening prayer:
And, kneeling on the green and flowery ground,
At the sweet cottage door—he fixed his eyes

For some short moments on her tranquil face,
As if *she* was his guiding star to God ;
And then with young, meek, innocent brow upraised,
Spoke the slow words with lips that longed to smile,
But dared not. Oh ! I loved that child with all
A mother's fondest love ; and, as he grew
More and more beautiful from day to day,
The half-involuntary sigh I gave
Spoke but too plain the wish that he were mine—
My child—my *own*. And in my solitude,
Often I clasped my hands and thought of him,
And looked with mournful and reproachful gaze
To heaven, which had denied me such a one.
Years past : the child became a rebel boy ;
The boy a wild, untamed, and passionate youth ;
The youth a man—but such a man ! so fierce,
So wild, so headlong, and so haughty too,
So cruel in avenging any wrongs,
So merciless when he had half avenged them !
At length his hour had come—a deed of blood,
Of *murder*, was upon his guilty soul.
He stood in that same spot, by his sweet home,
The same blue river flowing by his feet,
(Whose stream might never wash his guilt away ;)
The same green hills, and mossy sloping banks,
Where the bright sun was smiling as of yore :

With pallid cheek and dark and sullen brow,
The beautiful and lost ; you might have deemed
That Satan, newly banished, stood and gazed
On the bright scenery of an infant world.
For, fallen as he was, his Maker's hand
Had stamped him beautiful, and he was so *still*.
And his eyes turned from off his early home
With something like a shudder ; and they lighted
On his poor broken-hearted mother's grave.
And there was something in them of old times,
Ere sin had darkened o'er their tranquil blue,
In that most mournful look—that made me weep ;
“ For I had gazed on him with fear and anguish
Till now. And, “ weep for *her*,” my favourite said,
For she was good—I murdered her—I killed
Many that harmed me not.” And still he spoke
In a low, listless voice ; and forms came round
Who dragged him from us. I remember not
What followed then. But on another day,
There was a crowd collected, and a cart
Slowly approached to give to shameful death
Its burden ; and there was a prayer, and silence,
Silence like that of death. And then a murmur !
And all was over. And I groaned, and turned
To where his poor old father had been sitting ;
And there he sate, still with his feeble limbs

And palsied head, and dim and watery eyes,
Gazing up at the place where was his *son* ;
And with a shuddering touch I sought to rouse him,
But could not, for the poor old man was dead.
And then I flung myself upon the ground;
And mingled salt tears with the evening dew ;
And thanked my God that he was *not* my son ;
And that I was a childless, lonely wife.
To-morrow I will tell thee all that now
Remains to tell—but I am old and feeble,
And cannot speak for tears.

She rose and went,
But she returned no more. The morrow came,
But not to her ;—the tale of life was finished,
Not by her lips, for she had ceased to breath.
But, by *this* silent warning joined to hers,
How little we may count upon the future,
Or reckon what that future may bring forth !

I WAS NOT FALSE TO THEE.

I WAS not false to *thee*, and yet
 My cheek alone looked pale ;
 My weary eye was dim and wet,
 My strength began to fail.
 Thou wert the same ; thy looks were gay,
 Thy step was light and free ;
 And yet, with truth, my heart can say,
I was not false to thee !

I was not false to thee, yet now
 Thou hast a cheerful eye,
 With flushing cheek and drooping brow
I wander mournfully.
 I hate to meet the gaze of men,
 I weep where none can see ;
 Why do *I* only suffer, when
I was not false to thee ?

I was not false to thee; yet oh!
How scornfully they smile,
Who see me droop, who guess my woe,
Yet court thee all the while.
'Tis strange! but when long years are past,
Thou wilt remember me;
Whilst I can feel until the last,
I was not false to *thee*!

THE GREEK GIRL'S LAMENT FOR HER
LOVER.

IMRA ! thy form is vanished
From the proud and patriot band ;
Imra ! thy voice is silent,
'Mongst the voices of the land.
And bravely hast thou fallen ;
In joy didst thou depart ;
Their chains shall never bind thee,
Young hero of my heart !

But with *thee* the dream is over
That bound my soul so long ;
And the words of fame and glory
Have vanished from my song:
My heart which bounded proudly
Is as sad as sad can be ;
I thought it beat for freedom,
But I feel it beat—*for thee.*

I thought the victory's triumph
Would have made my soul rejoice,
But that was when I listened
To the music of thy voice.
The dreams of fame and conquest,
Of my country being free;
What love were they to Zoë,
But most blessed dreams of *thee*?

It is past—thy voice may never
Speak of triumph, or of love;
And the bright hope that was burning
Hath flown with thee above.
This earth contains no dwelling,
No land of rest for me;
When Hellas *was* my country,
I dwelt in it with *thee*!

OH! LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER RILL.

OH! life is like the summer rill, where weary daylight dies ;
We long for morn to rise again, and blush along the skies.
For dull and dark that stream appears, whose waters, in
the day,

All glad in conscious sunniness, went dancing on their way.
But when the glorious sun hath 'woke and looked upon the
earth,

And over hill and dale there float the sounds of human
mirth ;

We sigh to see day hath not brought its perfect light to all,
For with the sunshine on those waves, the silent shadows fall.

Oh! like that changeful summer rill, our years go gliding by,
Now bright with joy, now dark with tears, before youth's
eager eye.

And thus we vainly pant for all the rich and golden glow,
Which young hope, like an early sun, upon its course can
 throw.

Soon o'er our half-illumined hearts the stealing shadows
 come,

And every thought that woke in light receives its share of
 gloom.

And we weep while joys and sorrows both are fading from
 our view,

To find, wherever sunbeams fall, the shadow cometh too!

WHEN POOR IN ALL BUT HOPE AND LOVE.

WHEN, poor in all but hope and love,
 I clasped thee to my faithful heart ;
 For wealth and fame I vowed to rove,
 That we might meet no more to part !
 Years have gone by—long weary years
 Of toil, to win thee comfort now—
 Of ardent hopes—of sickening fears—
 And wealth is mine—but where art *thou* ?

Fame's dazzling dreams, for thy dear sake,
 Rose brighter than before to me ;
 I clung to all I deemed could make
 My burning heart more worthy thee.
 Years have gone by—the laurel droops
 In mockery o'er my joyless brow :
 A conquered world before me stoops,
 And Fame is mine—but where art *thou* ?

In life's first hours, despised and lone,
I wandered through the busy crowd ;
But now that life's best hopes are gone,
They greet with pride and murmurs loud.
Oh ! for thy voice ! thy happy voice,
To breathe its laughing welcome now ;
Wealth, fame, and all that should rejoice,
To me are vain—for where art *thou* ?

WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER.

We have been friends together,
In sunshine and in shade ;
Since first beneath the chesnut trees
In infancy we played.
But coldness dwells within thy heart,
A cloud is on thy brow ;
We have been friends together—
Shall a light word part us now ?

We have been gay together ;
We have laughed at little jests ;
For the fount of hope was gushing
Warm and joyous in our breasts.
But laughter now hath fled thy lip,
And sullen glooms thy brow ;
We have been gay together—
Shall a light word part us now ?

We have been sad together,
We have wept with bitter tears,
O'er the grass-grown graves, where slumbered
The hopes of early years.
The voices which are silent there
Would bid thee clear thy brow ;
We have been *sad* together—
Oh ! what shall part us now ?

THE BOATSWAIN'S SONG.

“ So we cheered to keep our hearts up.”

LORD NUGENT.

A CHEER to keep our hearts up,
A cup to drown our tears,
And we'll talk of those who perished,
Our mates in former years.
The Betsey was a vessel
As tight as ship could be—
And we cheered to keep our hearts up,
As she tossed upon the sea.

Thro' one dark day we struggled
To stem the foaming tide ;
Night came—the straining vessel
All helplessly did ride.

THE BOATSWAIN'S SONG.

The storm was raging loudly,
The angry heavens did frown—
A cheer to keep your hearts up—
The Betsey, she went down!

The morning broke which many
Might never see again,
And thick and blind and heavy
Came down the drenching rain :
We got the smallest boat out,
Jack, Tom, and I, and gave
A cheer to keep our hearts up,
As we toiled against the wave.

Three days we struggled onward,
Without a sight of land ;
And we grew so faint and failing,
We could scarcely bear a hand.
It's a bitter thing to battle
With the ocean for your foe :
We cheered to keep our hearts up,
But the cheer was hoarse and low.

Then we thought, with sinking spirits,
Of the shore we'd never see:
Tom wept, and thought of Mary—
Jack talked of home with me.

Each brawny arm grew fainter,
The boat was thinly stored :
A cheer to keep your hearts up—
Poor Jack went overboard !

At last, somehow we landed
Where the cliff was steep and high ;
We told Jack's poor old mother,
(We were too much men to cry.)
They'd ha' liked to see me Boatswain,
The Betsey's gallant crew.
Come, a cheer to keep our hearts up,
We shall all of us die too.

RECOLLECTIONS.

Do you remember all the sunny places,
Where in bright days, long past, we played together?
Do you remember all the old home faces
That gathered round the hearth in wintry weather?
Do you remember all the happy meetings,
In Summer evenings round the open door—
Kind looks, kind hearts, kind words and tender greetings,
And clasping hands whose pulses beat no more?

Do you remember them?

Do you remember all the merry laughter ;
The voices round the swing in our old garden :
The dog that, when we ran, still followed after ;
The teasing frolic sure of speedy pardon :

We were but children *then*, young happy creatures,
And hardly knew how much we had to lose—
But *now* the dreamlike memory of those features
Comes back, and bids my darkened spirit muse.

Do you remember them?

Do you remember when we first departed
From all the old companions who were round us,
How very soon again we grew light-hearted,
And talked with smiles of all the links which bound us?
And after, when our footsteps were returning,
With unfelt weariness, o'er hill and plain;
How our young hearts kept boiling up, and burning,
To think how soon we'd be at home again.

Do you remember this?

Do you remember how the dreams of glory
Kept fading from us like a fairy treasure;
How we thought less of being fam'd in story,
And more of those to whom our fame gave pleasure.
Do you remember in far countries, weeping,
When a light breeze, a flower, hath brought to mind
Old happy thoughts, which till that hour were sleeping,
And made us yearn for those we left behind?

Do you remember this?

Do you remember when no sound 'woke gladly,
But desolate echoes through our home were ringing,
How for a while we talked—then paused full sadly,
Because our voices bitter thoughts were bringing?
Ah me! those days—those days! my friend, my brother,
Sit down and let us talk of all our woe,
For we have nothing left but one another;—
Yet where *they* went, old playmate, *we* shall go—

Let us remember this.

DESCRIPTION OF A LOST FRIEND.

FROM THE MORNING POST.

Lost—near the 'Change in the city,
(I saw there a girl that seemed pretty)
' Joe Steel,' a short, cross-looking varlet,
With a visage as red as scarlet :
His nose and chin of a hue
Approaching nearly to blue :
With legs just the length, and no more,
That will trot him from door to door ;
And a most capacious paunch,
Fed with many a venison haunch.
Whoever will bring the same
To a tailor's of the name
Of Patterson, Watson, and Co.,
Shall receive a guinea or so.

And that all may understand,
And bring him safe to hand,
I subjoin as well as I can,
The character of the man.
He's a grumpy sort of a fellow,
Till liquor has made him mellow ;
The sort of man who never
Wishes your guests to be clever,
When he's asked to come and dine,
But only wants his wine.
He is but a stupid ass,
Even when he's filled his glass,
And emptied it too, a dozen
Times, with some civil cousin.
I don't remember his saying
Aught, that meant more than braying.
We met and we talked together
Of politics and the weather,
Of the taxes and the king,
And that silly sort of thing ;
But he never would give an opinion
As to the sort of dominion
He should like to live under, if we
To think of such things were free.
He said it was all speculation,
More harm than good to the nation.

He wouldn't abuse the Commons,
Nor admire a pretty woman's
Ankle, that tripped thro' the park
When it wasn't light or dark.
Laugh at him—he turned sour ;
Talk gravely—his brow would lower.
Sometimes he wished to grow fat,
(I'm sure it was needless, *that*)
When he was over-fed,
Or *out of spirits*, he said.
Sometimes he wished to be thin,
(When he poured *fresh* spirits *in*.)
But he never, when we were alone,
Said any thing new of his own.
The merrier *you* were, the more
He grumbled, and fumed, and swore ;
The happier *you* were, the less
He cared for your happiness.
We never agreed for a day,
Except when one was away.
And meeting too often of late,
It was my peculiar fate
To say something bitter and bad
About wives being not to be had,
When a batchelor got a red nose,
And his short legs were shrunk in his hose—

It was witty ; but cost me my friend :
For, being too late to amend,
He took it amiss that *I*
The defects of his form should spy.
Perchance he had borne a few jeers
On the purple hue of his *ears*,
But to say that his *legs* were small !
Oh ! his heart's blood was turned to gall.
So leaving his bottle, he swore
That he never would enter my door.
And I chuckled within my own heart,
Snapped my fingers, and saw him depart.
But, alas ! now I've lost him, I find
There was no one so much to my mind.
I have now got a good-tempered fellow,
But he tells me my face is grown yellow.
I've got a new friend that is clever,
But he's brewing his good things for ever :
Another, who talks at a rate
That is frightful, of church and of state,
And never will give in a jot,
Tho' you reason and bawl till you're hot :
Another—but why should I bring
Of friends, as of onions, a string
To my dinners, except that I *feel*
No number can make a Joe Steel !

When they're lively, I think it a bore ;
When they're silent, I miss him the more.
I miss him when I would recall
Some fact of my youth to them all.
Not one of my friends seems to care
If I once *had* a head of black hair—
Not one of them seems to believe
How the pretty girls once used to grieve
When they missed me amongst them,—Oh ! no,
I can have *no* friend equal to Joe!—
I miss his round, red, surly face—
I miss his short legs from their place—
I miss him—I'm growing quite sad ;
I think my old port is turned bad—
I miss him, and draw this conclusion,
(Tho' others may think it delusion)
That, with all their worst faults at their back,
(And I'm sure poor Joe Steel had a pack)
'Tho' they never can alter or mend ;
There's no friend like a very old friend !

RECOLLECTIONS OF A FADED BEAUTY.

AH ! I remember when I was a girl
 How my hair naturally used to curl,
 And how my aunt four yards of net would pucker,
 And call the odious thing, 'Diana's tucker.'
 I hated it, because although, you see,
 It did for *her*, it didn't do for me.
 (Popkins said I should wear a low *corsage*,
 But this I know was merely *badinage*.)
 I recollect the gaieties of old—
 Ices when hot, and punch when we were cold !
 Race-balls, and county-balls, and balls where you,
 For seven shillings, got dance and supper too.
 Oh ! I remember all the routs and plays—
 "But words are idle," as Lord Byron says ;
 And so am I, and therefore can spare time,
 To put my recollections into rhyme.

I recollect the man who did declare
When I was *at the fair*, myself was *fair* :
(I had it in my album for three years,
And often looked, and shed delicious tears.)
I didn't fall in love, however, *then*,
Because I never saw that man again.
And I remember Popkins—ah! too well!
And *all* who once in love with Chloë fell.
They called *me* Chloë, for they said my grace
Was nymph-like, as was also *half* my face.
My mouth was wide, but then I had a smile
Which might a demon of its tears beguile.—
As Captain Popkins said, or rather swore,
He liked me, (ah! my Popkins!) all the more.
He couldn't bear a little mouth, for when
It laughed, 'twas like a long slit in a pen;
Or button-hole stretched on too big a button;
Or little cut for gravy in boiled mutton.
(Popkins was clever)—but I must proceed
More regularly, that my friends may read.
I didn't marry, for I couldn't get
A man I liked; I havn't got one yet;
But I had handsome lovers by the score:
Alas! alas! I always sighed for more..

First came young Minton, of the ninth Hussars,
His eyes were bright and twinkling as the stars.

There was, indeed, a little *little* cast,
But he assured me that it would not last ;
And only came, when he, one cold bivouac,
Gazed on the foe, and could not turn it back—
The chill was so intense! Poor Minton, I
Really did think he certainly would die.
He gave me of himself a little print ;
The painter did not see or heed the squint.
Squint it was *not*—but one eye sought the other
With tenderness, as 'twere a young twin brother.
He gave it, and he sighed: oh! often after
The memory of that sigh hath chill'd my laughter.
I'm sure I might have married *him*, but then
I never did enough encourage men :
And somehow he made love to Anna Budge ;
I never owed the ugly minx a grudge,
Though, God knows, she was cross and plain enough.
The things he us'd to say to her—such stuff!

Then came young Frederic Mortimer de Veaux :
A cruel, faithless wretch, that work'd me woe.
But such a man! so tall, so straight—he took
A lady's heart away at every look.
Such a hooked nose, such loads of curly hair—
Such a pale, wild, intense, Byronic air ;
And his whole soul, (as he himself has said,)
“ Wandering about among the mighty dead.”

He had read books, and rather liked to show it,
 And always spoke like an inspired poet.
 Last time we met, my heart prophetic drew
 A mournful omen from his wild adieu :
 I wrote it down, when he had closed the door.
 All I remembered—would it had been more !—
 “ Allah hu ! shall I ever behold thee again,
 Sweet cause of my transport—dear cause of my pain ?
 Al, hamdu il Illah ! what place can be fair,
 My Rose of the Desert, if *thou* art not there ?
 Yet I go—for stern duty compels me to do so—
 From the world where my heart is, like far-banished
 Crusoe.

Gul's gardens invite me, but Fate says, *depart*,
 Bismillah ! farewell, young Haidee of my heart !”
 Was it not beautiful ? it *was*—ah, me !—
 Who would have thought such lips could traitors be ?
 Who could have thought, who saw his bright eye burn,
 He spoke—intending never to return ?

Then Mr. Humley asked aunt's leave to wed,
 And winked, and asked if love was in my head,
 Or heart ; and then proceeding things to settle,
 (Helping my aunt the while to lift the kettle,)—
 Said, “ you shall have a cozy home, my dear,
 And fifty pounds (to buy you clothes) a year.

And we must get your aunt, or some kind fairy
To teach you how to churn and mind the dairy.”
‘ A *cozy* home !’ why, did one ever hear
Of such a man ? and, to call *me* “ my dear : ”
Me—I was Frederick Mortimer’s *heart’s Haidee* ;
Young Minton’s star of hope and gladness—*me* !
But I refused him ; though my aunt *did* say
“ That it was an advantage thrown away ; ”—
(*He* an advantage !)—“ that she’d make me rue it—
Make me a nun—” I’d like to see her do it !
Down, down, rebellious heart ! I *am* a nun,
At least, the same as if I had been one.
I do repent I thought myself too comely ;
I do repent I am not Mrs. Humley !

Then, cold and cautious, came young Archy Campbell.
Full many a sunset walk, and pleasant ramble,
I took with *him* ; but I grew weary soon,
Because, instead of turning from the moon
To gaze on me, he bade *me* look with *him*,
And wondered when her light would grow more dim,
And the world fade away. I should have tired
Before our honey-moon had half expired.

Oh ! loved when first I met thee, and for ever,
Thou, from whom cold caprice hath made me sever—

Where art thou, Popkins?—Captain Popkins! oh!
 Dear recollection and delicious woe!
 Most generous, most genteel. Oh! thou, alas!
 “*Of the best class, and better than thy class,*”
 Where art thou? Ah! it matters not to me;
 By Chloë’s side thou never more shalt be!
 How sweetly didst thou sing “Those Evening Bells”—
 Still the dear echo in my bosom swells:
 How gaily didst thou dance, how clearly whistle!
 How neatly fold each elegant epistle!
 How thin thy pumps were, and how bright thy boot,
 (’Twas *that* brought “Warren’s blacking” in repute.)
 How nameless was thy majesty of form,
 Making each man look like a wriggling worm,
 That dared beside thy shoulders’ broad expanse
 To venture his lank shape. By what sweet chance
 Did all, that would have been defects in others,
 (Whom yet you deemed your fellow-men and brothers,)
 Turn to perfection when beheld in you;
 Tho’ short, yet graceful; fat, but active too!

He wrote, adored, proposed—but some curst power
 Bade me nip off his young Hope’s budding flower:
 I did not even answer that sweet letter,
 Because I thought, perhaps, I’d get a better.

Oh! Chloë, tear thy hair, and beat thy breast;
 How couldst thou get a better than the best?
 'Tis over now—the agony, despair,
 With which I beat that breast, and tore that hair;
 When one unmeaning note of cold adieu,
 Mixed with reproach, was all my silence drew.
 Gone, and for ever!—I could scarce believe it:
 Surely he wrote, and I did not receive it!
 Vain hope! he went—he was my heart's *one* love;
 All other men, all other loves, above.
 I would have married him without a penny,
 Each lover after *him* was one too many!

There was a certain Irishman, indeed,
 Who borrowed Cupid's darts to make me bleed.
 My aunt said he was vulgar; he *was* poor,
 And his boots creaked, and dirtied her smooth floor.
 She hated him; and when he went away,
 He wrote—I have the verses to this day:—

Wirasthru! then, my beautiful jewel,
 I'm quite tired out of my life.
 I can't fight with Fortune a duel,
 I cannot have you for a wife.
 The beauties of nature adorning
 No longer afford me delight:

In the night, och ! I wish it were morning,
In the morning I wish it were night !

For your aunt, she has writ me a letter,
(Och, den, she's a sad dirty rogue !)
Does she think other men love you better,
Because I've a bit of the brogue ?
In regard to the fighting and swearing,
Sure, jewel, it's all for the best ;
Just to drown all the grumblin' and tearin',
That gives my poor stomach no rest.

Small work I've had late at the carvin',
Less than *none* I can't have, any how ;
And ye wouldn't deny, when he's starvin',
Your Danny a bit of a row ?
Then, good night to you, love, or good morrow ;
Sure, it's all just the same *which* I say,
For the differ is small, to my sorrow,
When one gets neither breakfast, nor tay !

Now *was* this vulgar, which was 'said or sung ?'
Or but the ling'ring of his native tongue
In ears which thought it music ; being such
As he had known in childhood's early years,

What time we suffer little, and hope much ;
And oft turn back to gaze upon with tears !
I liked him, and I liked his verses ; but
In some vile squabble, as to where he put
His walking-stick, and whether sticks were stronger
For being cut on Irish ground, or longer,
He lost his life ; and *I* my last *real* love :
For though a few still round me used to rove,
Whether they had not half his sense and merit—
I never have loved since with any spirit !

BABEL.

KNOW ye in ages past that tower
 By human hands built strong and high?
 Arch over arch, with magic power,
 Rose proudly each successive hour,
 To reach the happy sky.

It rose, till human pride was crushed—
 Quick came the unexpected change;
 A moment every tone was hushed,
 And then again they freely gushed,
 But sounded wild and strange.

Loud, quick, and clear, each voice was heard,
 Calling for lime, and stone, and wood,
All uttered words—but not one word;
 More than the carol of a bird,
 Their fellows understood.

Is there no Babel but that one,
 The storied tower of other days?—
 Where, round the giant pile of stone,
 Pausing they stood—their labour done,
 To listen in amaze.

Fair springs the tower of hope and fame,
 When all our life is fairy land ;
 Till, scarcely knowing what to blame,
 Our fellows cease to feel the same—
We cease to understand.

Then, when they coldly smile to hear
 The burning dreams of earlier days ;
 The rapid fall from hope to fear,
 When eyes whose every glance was dear,
 Seem changing as they gaze :

Then, when we feel 'twere vain to speak
 Of fervent hopes—aspirings high—
 Of thoughts for which all words are weak—
 Of wild far dreams, wherein we seek
 Knowledge of earth and sky :

Of communings with nature's God,
 When impulse deep the soul hath moved—

Of tears which sink within the sod,
Where, mingling with the valley clod,
Lies something we have loved :

Then cometh ours ;—and better theirs—
Of stranger tongues together brought,
Than that in which we all have shares,
A Babel in a world of cares—
Of feeling and of thought :

THE MOURNERS.

Low she lies, who blest our eyes
Through many a sunny day ;
She may not smile, she will not rise—
The life hath past away !
Yet there is a world of light beyond,
Where we neither die nor sleep—
She is *there*, of whom our souls were fond—
Then wherefore do we weep ?

The heart is cold, whose thoughts were told
In each glance of her glad bright eye ;
And she lies pale, who was so bright,
She scarce seemed made to die.
Yet we know that her soul is happy now,
Where the saints their calm watch keep ;
That angels are crowning that fair young brow—
Then wherefore do we weep ?

Her laughing voice made all rejoice,
Who caught the happy sound ;
There was gladness in her very step,
As it lightly touched the ground.
The echoes of voice and step are gone ;
There is silence still and deep :
Yet we know she sings by God's bright throne—
Then wherefore do we weep ?

The cheek's pale tinge, the lid's dark fringe,
That lies like a shadow there,
Were beautiful in the eyes of all—
And her glossy golden hair !
But though that lid may never wake
From its dark and dreamless sleep,
She is gone where young hearts do not break—
Then wherefore do we weep ?

That world of light with joy is bright,
This is a world of woe :
Shall we grieve that her soul hath taken flight,
Because we dwell below ?
We will bury her under the mossy sod,
And one long bright tress we'll keep ;
We have only given her back to God—
Ah ! wherefore do we weep ?

THE CROOKED SIXPENCE.

TAKE then back your foolish token,
Since it cannot change like you ;
When I *feel* my heart is broken,
Shall it still proclaim you true ?
When you gave it, you besought me
Never from that pledge to part :
If I am what then you thought me,
You have spurned an honest heart !

When, far hence, the boisterous billows
Rage upon the stormy deep ;
And your landsmen press their pillows,
Careless how we sailors sleep :
Think how happy you had made him—
Think how grieved he was to part—
Who, though harshly you upbraid him,
Loved ye, with an honest heart !

Farewell, Nancy, but if ever
Eyes you love grow gloomy, then,
Oh ! remember, though we sever
You have still a friend in Ben.
Yes, dear girl, he'll still defend you ;
And some comfort 'twill impart,
Aid of any sort to lend you—
Though you broke an honest heart !

THE WANDERER LOOKING INTO OTHER
HOMES.

A LONE, wayfaring wretch I saw, who stood
 Wearily pausing by the wicket gate ;
 And from his eyes there streamed a bitter flood,
 Contrasting *his* with many a happier fate.
 Bleak howled the wind, the sleety shower fell fast
 On his bare head, and scanty-covered breast ;
 As through the village with quick step I past,
 To find sweet shelter in my home of rest.

“ Oh ! that I too could call a home my own !”
 Said the lone wanderer, as he wistful gazed
 Through the clear lattice, on the hearth’s wide stone,
 Where cheerily the jocund fire blazed.
 “ Oh ! that I too, in such a cot might dwell !
 Where the bright homefire blazeth clear and high :
 Where joy alone my grateful heart might swell,
 And children’s children bless me when I die !”

Little he deemed what bitterness was there,
 Who murmured thus his aspirations vain,—
Little he deemed that one as fond as fair
 Lay faintly sighing on a bed of pain :
And by her side, a restless vigil keeping,
 One who had deeply wronged that gentle heart—
Knelt with clasped hands ; now praying, and now weeping ;
 Dreading, each hour, to see the soul depart.

They were two sisters jealous love had twained ;
 And one had slandered her who faded lay,
Because she deemed her slighted love disdained :
 And he they both had loved was far away :
And from that hour, the younger drooped and pined,
 Like a pale snowdrop bowing down her head ;
Joyless of life—to slow disease resigned—
 The heart within her was already dead.

Here, for her sake, they woo the mountain gale,
 If, haply, change may yet prevent her fate.
But he, the wanderer, knew not of this tale,
 And humbly sues admittance at their gate.
He enters—what hath met his eager eyes ?
 Pale as the white-fringed drapery spread beneath,
His early loved, his sorely slandered, lies,
 Heaving with pain her faint and quickened breath.

O'er her soft arm her long, dark, glossy hair
 Floats in unbraided beauty,—and her cheek,—
Ah, me! the deeply-crimsoned tinge is there,
 That of sharp woe and early death doth speak.
How beautiful, beneath her drooping eye,
 The glowing hectic of that cheek appears,
Where the long lashes like soft shadows lie,
 Seeking in vain to prison back her tears.

She gazes—shrieks—'tis he! at length 'tis he,
 Whom dreams and waking thoughts have brought in vain!
And must she die, e'er yet from sorrow free,
 Her head hath rested on his heart again?
A few slow, bitter words of wild appeal—
 Of earnest explanation faintly given—
A pressure, which his hand can scarcely feel,
 And her freed soul is on its way to heaven!

So, wanderers in the world may pausing gaze
 Upon some radiant form with smiles of light,
And seeing but the outward beam that plays,
 Envy their joys—and deem that all is bright.
The homes of other hearts! oh! yet beware,
 Ye, who with friendly guise would enter in,
Lest all be false,—and ye be doomed to share
 Their guilt or woe—their sadness or their sin!

M A R Y.

YEs, we were happy once, and care
 My jocund heart could ne'er surprise ;
 My treasures were, her golden hair,
 Her ruby lips, her brilliant eyes.
 My treasures were—alas ! depart
 Ye visions of what used to be !
 Cursed be the heart—the cruel heart—
 That stole my Mary's love from me.

Dark are my joyless days—and thou—
 Dost *thou* too dream, and dreaming weep ?
 Or, careless of thy broken vow,
 Unholy revels dost thou keep ?
 No, Mary, no,—we loved too well,
 Such deep oblivion cannot be ;
 Cursed be the lips, where guile could dwell,
 To lure thy love away from me !

It cannot be!—ah! haply, while
 With wild reproach I greet thy name,
Thy ruby lip hath ceased to smile—
 Thy happy head is bowed with shame!
Haply, with haggard want opprest,
 Thou weepest where no eye may see;
Cursed be the spoiler's cruel breast—
 But, oh! my Mary!—heaven shield *thee!*

THE RINGLET.

OH ! treasured thus by passion's slave,
 Dear relic of the bygone year ;
 Say, what remains of her who gave ?
 The vain regret—the useless tear.
 The clasping hands—the throbbing brow—
 The murmuring of that shadowy word,
 To which had answered once—oh ! now,
 Why is that light quick step unheard ?

What in those syllables is found,
 That such a start of woe can claim ?
 A word is but an empty sound,—
 Alas ! it is—it *was*—her name !
 It was—yes, *she* was once ! as gay,
 As full of life, as aught that lives ;
 The breath—the life—hath passed away,
 But not the pang her memory gives.

Bright tress ! thy beauty bringeth now
A thousand dreams of rapture gone ;
Her sunny eyes, her radiant brow,
The low, light laughter of her tone.
Gazing on thee, again she stands
Before me, as in days of old ;
With all her young head's shining bands,
And all its wavy curls of gold.

Till as I view thee, silken tress,
I feel within my suffering heart,—
'Tis all which now my sight can bless,
All that of *her* will not depart.
Oh ! thou that wert life's dearest prize,
That now art but a thought of pain ;
Why do thy tones—thy laughing eyes—
Rise up to wring my soul again ?

I roam in vain :—the sun that beams
Is still the sun *we* looked upon ;
My hand, my lonely hand, in dreams,
Seeks still for thine to clasp its own.
My heart resists all time—all change,
And finds no other form so dear.
My memory, wheresoe'er I range,
Clings to the spot where *thou* wert near.

Change!—*thou* wert all life's scenery :
To me, the billowy, bounding wave—
The wide green earth—the far blue sky,
Form but the landscape of thy grave!

Oh! bitter is their boon of life
Who cannot hope—who may not die—
I linger in a world of strife,
Whilst *thou* art in the happy sky!
I envy thee the peace thou hast,
And, but 'tis sin, the knee would bow,
That He who made thee all thou *wast*,
Would make *me* all—that thou art now!

THE REBEL.

WITH none to heed or mark
The prisoner in his cell,
In a dungeon, lone and dark,
He tuned his wild farewell.

The harp whose strings might never breathe again
The joyous sounds it gave to Freedom's strain,
With hurried chords, his trembling fingers woke ;
And thus the brave, but captive rebel spoke :—

Farewell ! mine own dear land !
That I have loved thee well,
This faint, but blood-red hand,
These iron fetters tell :

And if I weep, it is not for the breeze,
At summer evenings whispered thro' the trees ;
Though I would die to breathe that air again—
I weep, to think upon my country's chain !

Farewell to those I loved,
Whom I no more shall see ;
And, oh! in sorrow proved,
To those who once loved *me*,
With whom beneath the chesnut's spreading shade
In happy days of infancy, I played ;
Who never more will hear the rebel's name
Without a blush, a crimson blush, of shame.

Oh! I am young to die,
Forsaken thus by all :
With none to hear me sigh,
With none to weep my fall.
How my heart yearns for joys for ever flown—
My mother's hand—my sister's gentle tone !
And wishes wild within my bosom swell,
In sorrow's broken tones to bid farewell!

Land of untrodden hills!
Where still, in happy dreams,
I hear the mountain rills,
Leap forth in gushing streams :
I love thee so, that fearfully I shrink
From death, whose power will burst each galling link ;
And sigh to live, though life no more be free,
Lest, in the grave, I dream no more of *thee* !

THE LOST ONE.

COME to the grave—the silent grave! and dream
Of a light, happy voice—so full of joy,
That those who heard *her* laugh, would laugh again,
Echoing the mirth of such an innocent spirit;
And pause in their own converse, to look round,
Won by the witchery of that gleesome tone.
Come to the grave—the lone dark grave! and dream
Of eyes whose brilliancy was of the soul,
Eyes which, with one bright flash from their dark lids,
Seemed at a glance to read the thoughts of others;
Or, with a full entire tenderness,
The pure expression of all-perfect love,
(Of woman's love, which is for you alone,
While your's is for yourself)—gave in that look
The promise of a *life* of meek affection.
Come to the grave—the mouldering grave! and dream
Of a fair form that glided over earth
One of its happiest creatures:—to her cheek

The lightest word might bring the blushing blood
In pure carnation ;—down her graceful neck,
The long rich curls of jet hung carelessly,
Untortured by the cunning hand of art :
And on her brow, bright purity and joy,
Twin sisters, sate,—as on a holy throne.
Come yet unto the grave—the still, damp grave !
And dream of a young heart that beat with life,
And all life's best affections ; of a heart
Where sorrow never came, nor fear, nor sin—
Nor aught save innocence, and perfect love :
And, having dreamed of such a lovely being—
So gay, so bright, so pure, so fond, so meek—
Having thus conjured up a form of love
In thine own pausing and regretful mind ;—
A vision will be present to thy soul,
A faint, but faithful portraiture, of one
Most dearly loved, and now for ever lost !

MY NATIVE LAND!

FROM THE GERMAN OF KÖRNER.

WHERE is the minstrel's native land?
 Where the flames of light and feeling glow;
 Where the flowers are wreathed for beauty's brow;
 Where the bounding heart swells strong and high,
 With holy hopes which may not die—
 There is my native land!

What is that bright land's music name?
 Ere it bent its neck to a foreign yoke,
 It was called the land of the broad strong oak—
 The land of the free—the German land—
 But her sons lie slain by the stranger's hand,
 And she weeps sad tears of shame.

Why does the minstrel's country weep?
 That the hurricane's rage hath bowed the pride
 Of those who should stem the rising tide;

That her princes quail—and that none will hear
Her holy words of might and fear—
Therefore my land must weep !

To whom does the minstrel's country call ?
It calls to the silent heavenly powers,
With despair, as the thunder darkly lowers,
For its freedom—for those who should break its chain—
For the hand that never strikes in vain—
To *these* doth my country call !

For what does the minstrel's country sigh ?
That the bloodhound may hunt beyond the bound
Of the soil which brave hearts make holy ground ;
That the serf may cease ; and our sons be free,
Or those who have borne them, cease to be—
For this does my country sigh !

And still doth the minstrel's country hope ?
Her hope is firm, for her cause is good—
That her brave will rise, and her true in blood ;
And that God the avenger, our fathers' God,
Will mark the tears that bedew her sod—
Such is my country's hope !

DREAMS.

SURELY I heard a voice—surely my name
Was breathed in tones familiar to my heart !
I listened—and the low wind stealing came,
In darkness and in silence to depart.

Surely I saw a form, a proud bright form,
Standing beside my couch ! I raised mine eyes :
'Twas but a dim cloud, herald of a storm,
That floated through the grey and twilight skies.

Surely the brightness of the summer hour
Hath suddenly burst upon the circling gloom !
I dream ; 'twas but the perfume of a flower,
Which the breeze wafted through the silent room.

Surely a hand clasped mine with greetings fond !
A name is murmured by my lips with pain ;
Woe for that sound—woe for love's broken bond.
I start—I wake—I am alone again !

WOULD I WERE WITH THEE!

WOULD I were with thee! every day and hour
 Which now I spend so sadly, far from thee—
 Would that my form possessed the magic power
 To follow where my heavy heart would be!
 Whate'er thy lot—by land or sea—
 Would I were with thee—eternally!

Would I were with thee! when, the world forgetting,
 Thy weary limbs upon the turf are thrown,—
 While bright and red the evening sun is setting,
 And all thy thoughts belong to heaven alone:
 While happy dreams thy heart employ—
 Would I were with thee—in thy joy!

Would I were with thee! when, no longer feigning
 The hurried laugh that stifles back a sigh;
 Thy young lip pours unheard its sweet complaining,
 And tears have quenched the light within thine eye:
 When all seems dark and sad below,
 Would I were with thee—in thy woe!

Would I were with thee! when the day is breaking,
And when the moon hath lit the lonely sea—
Or when in crowds some careless note awaking:
Speaks to thy heart in memory of me.
In joy or pain, by sea or shore—
Would I were with thee—evermore!

THE NAME.

“What’s in a name?”—SHAKSPEARE.

THY name was once the magic spell, by which my thoughts
 were bound,
 And burning dreams of light and love were wakened by
 that sound ;
 My heart beat quick when stranger tongues, with idle
 praise or blame,
 Awoke its deepest thrill of life, to tremble at that name.

Long years—long years have passed away, and altered is
 thy brow ;
 And we who met so gladly once, must meet as strangers
 now :
 The friends of yore come round me still, but talk no more
 of thee ;
 ’Tis idle ev’n to wish it now—for what art *thou* to *me* ?

Yet still thy name, thy blessed name, my lonely bosom
fills,
Like an echo that hath lost itself among the distant hills,
Which still, with melancholy note, keeps faintly lingering
on,
When the jocund sound that woke it first is gone—for
ever gone.

THE FAITHLESS KNIGHT.

THE lady she sate in her bower alone,
 And she gaz'd from the lattice window high,
 Where a white steed's hoofs were ringing on,
 With a beating heart, and a smother'd sigh.
 Why doth she gaze thro' the sunset rays—
 Why doth she watch that white steed's track—
 While a quivering smile on her red lip plays?
 'Tis her own dear knight—will he not look back?

The steed flew fast—and the rider past—
 Nor paus'd he to gaze at the lady's bower;
 The smile from her lip is gone at last—
 There are tears on her cheek—like the dew on a flower!
 And “plague on these foolish tears,” she said,
 “Which have dimm'd the view of my young love's track;
 For oh! I am sure, while I bent my head,
 It was then—it was *then* that my knight look'd back.”

On flew that steed with an arrow's speed ;
He is gone—and the green boughs wave between :
And she sighs, as the sweet breeze sighs through a reed,
As she watches the spot where he last has been.
Oh ! many a sun shall rise and set,
And many an hour may she watch in vain,
And many a tear shall that soft cheek wet,
Ere that steed and its rider return again !

FIRST LOVE.

YES, I know that you once were my lover,
 But that sort of thing has an end,
 And though love and its transports are over,
 You know you can still be—my *friend* :
 I was young, too, and foolish, remember ;
 (Did you ever hear John Hardy sing ?)
 It was then, the fifteenth of November,
 And this is the end of the spring !

You complain that you are not well-treated
 By my suddenly altering so ;
 Can I help it ?—you're very conceited,
 If you think yourself equal to Joe.
 Don't kneel at my feet, I implore you ;
 Don't write on the drawings you bring ;
 Don't ask me to say, " I adore you,"
 For, indeed, it is now no such thing.

I confess, when at Bognor we parted,
I swore that I worshipped you then—
That *I* was a maid broken-hearted,
And *you* the most charming of men.
I confess, when I read your first letter,
I blotted your name with a tear—
But, oh! I was young—knew no better,
Could I tell that I'd meet Hardy here?

How dull you are grown! how you worry,
Repeating my vows to be true—
If I said so, I told you a story,
For I love Hardy better than you!
Yes! my fond heart has fixed on another,
(I sigh so whenever he's gone,)
I shall always love you—as a *brother*,
But my heart is John Hardy's alone.

E D W A R D.

HEAVY is my trembling heart, mine own love, my dearest,

Heavy as the hearts whose love is poured in vain ;

All the bright day I watch till thou appearest,

All the long night I dream of thee again.

When the whisp'ring summer breeze is waving o'er me
lightly,

When the moaning winter winds their wail of sadness
make ;

Then dearest, *then*, thine image riseth brightly,

I am weary of my life, for Edward's sake.

When in the halls of light, all bright and happy faces,

Smiling turn to greet a friend, and wander on

Far through the distant crowd, my heart thy proud form
traces,

My eye is sadly fixed on thee alone.

When that dear, familiar voice, some careless word hath
spoken,

When thy brow a moment bends, a cold farewell to take;
Then, dearest, *then*, my heart is well nigh broken,
I am weary of my life, for Edward's sake.

Oh, Edward! dark my doom!—this heart will love for ever,
Though thou wilt never share its joy or pain,
Thine eye will turn to mine, and meet its glance, but never
Beam fondly back on hers who loves in vain.

But when weary life is o'er, and in the grave I'm lying,
(Silently a woman's heart should hide its love and break;)
Then, dearest, *then*, some voice shall tell thee, sighing,
How weary was my life to me, for Edward's sake.

THE ARAB'S FAREWELL TO HIS HORSE.

My beautiful ! my beautiful ! that standest meekly by
 With thy proudly arched and glossy neck, and dark and
 \ fiery eye ;

Fret not to roam the desert now, with all thy winged
 speed—

I may not mount on thee again—thou'rt sold, my Arab
 steed !

Fret not with that impatient hoof—snuff not the breezy
 wind—

The further that thou fliest now, so far am I behind ;
 The stranger hath thy bridle rein—thy master hath *his*
 gold—

Fleet-limbed and beautiful ! farewell !—thou'rt sold, my
 steed—thou'rt sold !

Farewell ! those free untired limbs, full many a mile must
 roam,

To reach the chill and wintry sky, which clouds the stran-
 ger's home ;

Some other hand, less fond, must now thy corn and bed
 prepare ;

The silky mane I braided once, must be another's care !

The morning sun shall dawn again, but never more with
 thee

Shall I gallop through the desert paths, where we were
 wont to be :

Evening shall darken on the earth ; and o'er the sandy plain
Some other steed, with slower step, shall bear me home
 again.

Yes, thou must go ! the wild free breeze, the brilliant sun
 and sky,

Thy master's home—from all of these, my exiled one must
 fly.

Thy proud dark eye will grow less proud, thy step become
 less fleet,

And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck, thy master's hand to
 meet.

Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye, glancing bright
Only in sleep shall hear again that step so firm and
 light :

And when I raise my dreaming arm to check or cheer thy
speed,
Then must I starting wake, to feel—thou'rt *sold*, my Arab
steed !

Ah ! rudely then, unseen by me, some cruel hand may chide,
Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested waves, along thy panting
side :

And the rich blood, that is in thee swells, in thy indignant
pain,
Till careless eyes, which rest on thee, may count each started
vein.

Will they ill-use thee ? If I thought—but no, it cannot
be—

Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed ; so gentle, yet so free.
And yet, if haply when thou'rt gone, my lonely heart should
yearn—

Can the hand which casts thee from it now, command thee
to return ?

Return !—alas ! my Arab steed ! what shall thy master do,
When thou who wert his all of joy, hast vanished from his
view ?

When the dim distance cheats mine eye, and through the
gath'ring tears

Thy bright form, for a moment, like the false mirâge
appears.

Slow and unmounted will I roam, with weary foot alone,
 Where with fleet step, and joyous bound, thou oft hast
 borne me on;

And, sitting down by that green well, I'll pause and sadly
 think,

“It was *here* he bowed his glossy neck, when last I saw
 him drink!”

When last I saw thee drink!—away! the fevered dream
 is o'er—

I could not live a day, and *know*, that we should meet no
 more!

They tempted me, my beautiful! for hunger's power is
 strong—

They tempted me, my beautiful! but I have loved too
 long.

Who said that I had given thee up? Who said that thou
 wert sold?

'Tis false—'tis false, my Arab steed! I fling them back
 their gold!

Thus, *thus*, I leap upon thy back, and scour the distant
 plains;

Away! who overtakes us now, shall claim *thee* for his
 pains!

END.

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